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Looking Forward

ON ANOTHER PAGE we announce the appearance in our next issue of Fleta Campbell Springer's life of Mary Baker Eddy, one of the most talked of, and certainly, in the end, one of the most mysterious women who ever lived. "Indeed," Mrs. Springer writes us, "reading all the opposing reports about her, one almost begins to doubt whether there ever was on this earth such a person, 'according to the flesh.' "

WHILE MRS. SPRINGER'S book is candid and searching, it is in no sense an attack either on Mrs. Eddy or on any phase of Christian Science. It is the genuine, historical person herself that interests Mrs. Springer and The Outlook and Independent, not Christian Science; which nowadays is perfectly capable of speaking for itself.

AS A VITAL human personality, the Mrs. Eddy of this biography is at once a pathetic and magnificent figure—one which we have found the most absorbing of the many which have come to us in manuscript form during the last few months. It is distinctly a fitting successor to those two outstanding human documents—Herbert Asbury's *Carry Nation* and Frederick Pottle's *Stretchers*—which we have already been privileged to print.

SO FAR AS ITS value to the present-day world is concerned, in a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Count Keyserling remarked that nothing America has created so far can bear comparison with the convincing power of Negro dancing and music—possibly with the one exception of Christian Science. Without expressing any opinion concerning the truth of this statement by the German philosopher, it is clear that any woman who made the impression on the world which Mrs. Eddy did, is indeed worth the best efforts of our modern biographers.

WE ARE GLAD to announce ACCORDING TO THE FLESH as part of our editorial program for the Autumn.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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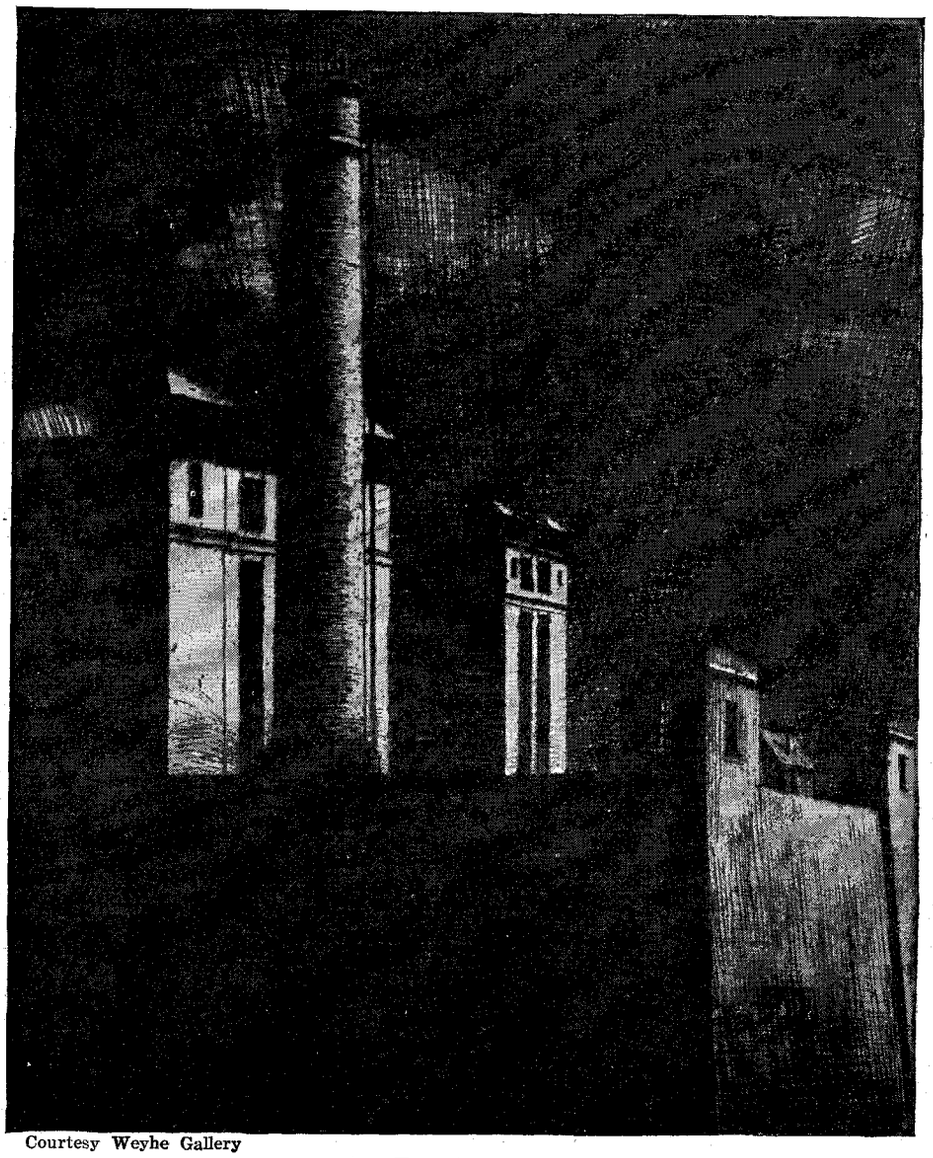

Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

THE PRISON
An etching by Roderick Seidenberg

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Outlook
and Independent
October 30, 1929

Revolt in Our Prisons

By MILTON MacKAYE

The recent series of prison uprisings, culminating in the savage affair at Canon City, Colorado, plainly calls for an examination of our whole system and philosophy of the treatment of delinquents. The number of these revolts suggests that the fault is not entirely with the prisoners. Mr. MacKaye considers some of the contributing causes

THE SHRIEK of prison sirens dinned in the ears of the American public a few days ago and the smell of gunpowder and blood found its way into the columns of the nation's newspapers. Hell was let loose in the West and no measure of journalistic good manners could conceal the horror, or, with polite regard for the tender-minded, shade the brutal details. When the passions of a regiment of confined men exploded into general rebellion at Cañon City, Colorado, America witnessed the most savage outbreak in its penal history. The outbreak converted a little plateau town into an army camp, sent tanks and shell wagons rolling over high rock roads, burned a night sky with artillery rockets. A great modern penitentiary was left in ruins. Twelve men lost their lives. And yet, the public mind being what it is, Cañon City and its bloodshed might have been forgotten in a week, in a month, had it been an isolated incident in the rush of the news. But it wasn't. Cañon City forged a final link in a chain of calamities. And Cañon City, as a result, was stamped indelibly and unforgettably on the nation's consciousness.

To understand the significance of the Colorado prison break it is necessary to follow the series of happenings that led to it. On July 22, 1,500 men in the New York state prison at Dannemora stoned and clubbed their keepers after an agreed signal of rebellion, and then stormed the walls. Six days later the fuse was again lighted in New York—this time at Auburn prison. Only the faithful informing of a trusty prevented a similar outbreak at Sing Sing. Finally, on August 1, there came the news that 3,700 convicts had mutinied at the federal prison in Leavenworth, Kansas, and had been driven to their cells only by the scattering fire of riot guns. Three convicts were killed and twenty wounded at Dannemora. There was $200,000 damage done. One man was killed at Leavenworth and three wounded. At Auburn two men were killed, eleven were injured and four long-term prisoners, leaping from the wall when the first mad charge was made, made good their escape.

Dannemora, Auburn, Leavenworth raised in the public a gravely disturbed and questioning state of mind. They gave attention once more to the penal system after satisfied and lethargic years. Investigations began. And then, on October 4, came Cañon City.

It is difficult to speak calmly of the outbreak there. There was too much of blood-lust and of brutality evidenced; there was too much wanton murder and too little at stake. The hundreds of prisoners confined in the institution near the mouth of the Royal Gorge never had a chance for a general prison delivery. They were pawns in a desperate game played by a few ringleaders. The leaders lost, but, win or lose, the prisoners as a group had nothing to gain. This very futility made the whole affair, terrible as it was, seem even more bitterly tragic.

The whole story of the inception of the Colorado riot probably will never be known. There have been accusations bounced back and forth; there have been charges that prison employees carried on dope and arms smuggling. Whatever the truth, Warden Crawford had known for two weeks that a cloud hovered over his institution. Somehow the story had got out that there were guns in the penitentiary. He hunted for them; he even had portions of the concrete torn down in the search. The guns could not be found.

AT NOON, Friday, October 4, the tempest burst. Jimmy Pardue, a long-term convict, shot and killed Shorty Erwin, the guard in the dining hall, and the prisoners were at once in control. Danny Daniels, Oklahoma bandit and long-termer, made a fiery harangue to the convicts and took over the generalship of the campaign. Until sunset the prisoners were in command of the entire penitentiary. Then some hundreds of them, only half-heartedly in sympathy with the uprising from the first, retired to one corner of the yard, sent word outside that they were through and requested protection from the mutineers. The National Guard, with its guns raking the court there, had already driven the die-hards into one cell house. Smoke and flames rose high from burning buildings and there was overhead the roar of airplanes and rockets. Hourly, reinforcements came to the attackers, police from a half dozen cities, guardsmen, citizen posses. Machine guns rat-tat-tatted incessantly against hard stone walls.

Daniels and his lieutenants de-

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manded freedom for themselves. They wanted three motor cars drawn up at the wall, a promise that they would be allowed an escape without pursuit. If their conditions were not met, the ten guards they had carried with them into the cell house would be shot. It was when Warden Crawford refused that the executions began. J. J. Elles, the prison hangman, was the first hostage shot; and in the brightness of the searchlights that illumined the prison, his body was thrown from a window of the cell house to show that the mutineers meant to keep their part of the bloody contract. One after another executions followed, spaced with maddening leisure by Daniels, whose pleasure it was to pull the trigger every time. The other convicts inside, heartsick and half insane with the futile horror of it all, watched him at his work. Another ultimatum. Another refusal. Another man drilled through the forehead and his body thrown into the yard.

THE WHOLE WORLD knows the rest of the Cañon City episode. Seven guards were murdered with a studied cruelty that could have found its temper only in hysteria or narcotics. Beaten, facing certain execution, four of the mutineers sentenced themselves to death. Daniels killed the wounded Pardue first, then the two others. Still calm, he paced the corridor a moment or two and turned the gun on himself. A guard carried out the news to those at the siege guns. The rebellion was over.

Cañon City for years before the outbreak was known as one of the crack penal institutions of the country—new, modern and ably administrated. Delegations were sent from many other states to study the plant and the methods. Francis Eugene Crawford, who made the grim but admirable decision to sacrifice his own men rather than to endanger the public, bore an excellent reputation as warden. Were the convicts then only to blame for the fact that there could be in Cañon City an uprising? The affirmative answer would be the easy and comforting one. But coming after a series of prison disturbances the affirmative answer will not quite wash down.

Advance copies of the *Handbook of American Prisons*, edited by Paul W. Garrett, were made public at the time the rioting occurred. Here is what the *Handbook* said of Cañon City:

"Serious overcrowding and idleness, a situation common to many prisons, were found at Cañon City, a condition brought about not so much by the prison officials themselves but more through a shortsighted legislative policy, which, in the case of Colorado, is all the more pronounced because of the influence of outside interests.

"Until recently Colorado stood in the front line of states providing employment for prison inmates through road construction work. The abolishment of this road construction work by prison labor, however, brings about a deplorable condition of idleness, the seriousness of which cannot be overemphasized."

This summary should give pause to public officials. It should put the brake upon hasty measures, born of the general indignation over the outrage and aimed at harsh reprisals. Any revision of policies should seek to prevent the recurrence of such an event—not to plant the seeds of hate and resentment which might lead to another. There is more than the individual problem of prison administration concerned; the situation now involves the whole judicial problem of the delinquent. The program of reform of the criminal code, as any one knows, has within the last few years moved steadily in one direction: toward more severe punishment and the removal of the delinquent from society. It has been a popular program because it seemed to solve the omnipresent riddle with simplicity and dispatch. The roughly timbered mind always finds, at first consideration, a certain plausibility and satisfaction in the theory that prison sentences can be made so severe that bad men no longer will have the courage to break the law.

It may be that this movement, as well as the conditions in the penitentiaries themselves, is open to attack. Certainly it deserves examination. The Baumes Laws in New York and similar reforms in other states must be weighed carefully and their ramifications fully understood before their principle is accepted. This country needs to know just where it is going before it embarks wholeheartedly on a radically new route to social safety. The investigations growing out of the prison breaks have served to call a breathing spell before the disciplinary programs can be carried any further.

No one, of course, would be silly enough to maintain that any penal system, or plan of policing, could be devised which would furnish unfailing insurance against an occasional riot. There have been other spectacular prison events in the last three years—the Louisiana work-camp mutiny, the Texas escapes, the thwarted Tombs delivery in New York, the long siege of Folsom on its California plateau—and there will continue to be trouble so long as men hate to spend their lives behind iron bars. Admitting, however, the impossibility of airtight administration, there is still meat for study in the matter. The possibility of prison uprisings can be minimized by a generous percentage.

A PRISON BREAK is almost inevitably proof in itself that grave weaknesses and abuses exist in the system of a particular prison. Concerted action is difficult there; the whole routine works against it. Short-term convicts are unwilling to risk their chances of parole, their privileges on a long chance. Communication, under proper policing, is a painfully difficult thing. Elaborate plans for a general rebellion, then, must be motivated by grievances of the most compelling nature. This has been proved true in the major revolts of the past. It was proved equally true in the recent revolts. Long-time convicts served as the leaders in every case, but no one can doubt but that there must have been a tremendous psychological pressure behind their cause to enlist under the black banner the prison population at large.

The disturbances at Auburn, at Dannemora, at Cañon City, at Leavenworth will or should serve as a warning to the country as a whole—because the factors involved have a distinctly national significance. The institutions concerned are not obscure calabooses ruled by county satraps; they are numbered among the famous reformatories of the nation. Two of them are in the state which has taken the leadership in the fight for the new criminal-reform dispensation; Cañon City is regarded as a typically modern penitentiary, and Leavenworth, exceeded only by Atlanta in size, houses all the important federal offenders from the Middle West.

We have already heard the report on conditions in Colorado. Prompt investigations were conducted at the other prisons immediately the embers of revolt were extinguished. What were the findings? The great con-

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tributory causes in all three rebellions, according to the experts, were overcrowding and improper living conditions.

The capacity of Dannemora Prison is 1,160; there were 1,568 men there at the time of the outbreak. Dannemora, tucked away in the Adirondacks and known in the underworld as "Siberia," has as its main cell block a building erected in 1845. There are no plumbing facilities; the sanitary conditions are precisely those of a small town jail. Another cell block, built in 1875, is poorly equipped. Both buildings are so badly overcrowded that men sleep in the corridors and in every out-of-the-way corner and cranny which furnishes room for an iron bed.

Auburn is the birthplace of many humane reforms, for it was there that Thomas Mott Osborne worked out his administrative system. Once Auburn was regarded as an ideal home for convicts. But physical conditions there now are utterly demoralizing. The prison, built in 1817, has a cell capacity of 1,226. In January, 1927, according to the annual report of the Prison Association of New York, there were 1,464 inmates. In January, 1928, there were 1,517 and in June, 1929, 1,750, or 500 more than the maximum capacity.

New York was fully warned about the delapidation of Auburn and the consequent dissatisfaction and resentment among prisoners. In December of 1926, Special Commissioner George W. Alger referred to the cells there as "atrocious" and suggested the expenditure of $2,500,000 alone for "major requirements."

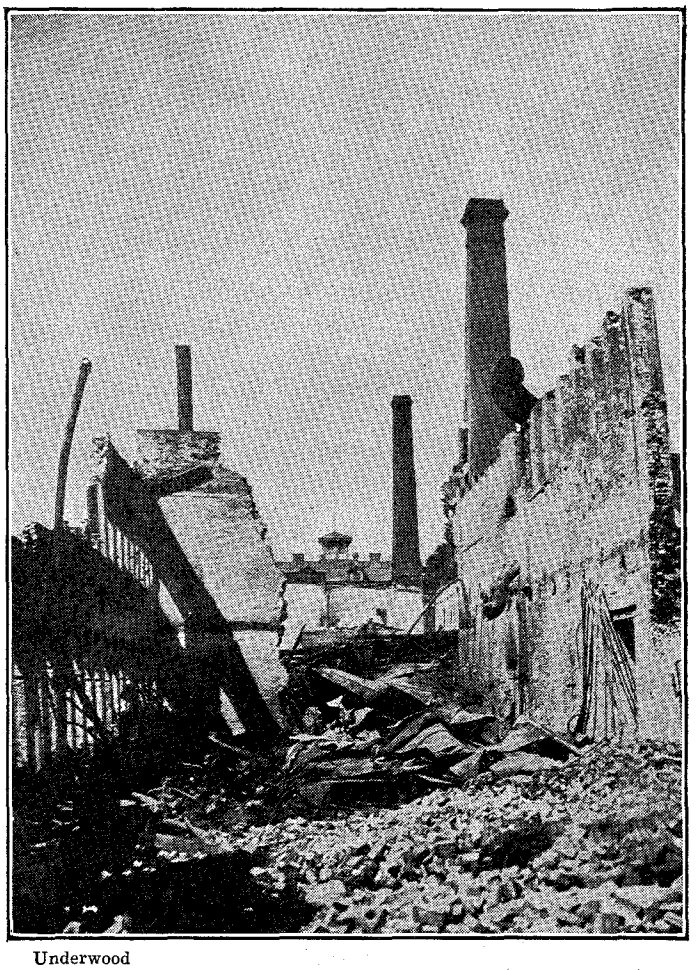
A few days before Alger's report, the Prison Commission urged more guards and a general modernization of all New York State prisons, and, specifically, a prompt abandonment of Auburn and the construction of an entirely new institution. One writer describing conditions at Auburn recently said: "The cell block at Auburn is a huge mass of stone, perforated with little cells, damp and without plumbing or ventilation, in which the prisoners live, to use a phrase of Stevenson's, 'like weevils in a biscuit.'"

So much for progressive New York, where, it might be remarked in passing, any temptation toward luxurious feeding of prisoners is successfully resisted by the allowance of twenty-five cents a day for each man's diet. There can be no general corpulence on that scale. Indeed, Frank Royal, an ex-convict, has charged in the newspapers that starvation meals was one of the causes of the Dannemora outbreak. Governor Roosevelt has recommended increasing this item of expenditure.

Now for Leavenworth. The riot began there when prisoners were served rice for their noonday meal. They had been fed rice too often. Here is the report Sanford Bates, Superintendent of Prisons, made to the Attorney General at the time:

"The Leavenworth prison was designed to accommodate at the most not over 2,000 prisoners, and the population today is 3,770. It has been impossible under the present laws to provide work sufficient to take up the attention of the majority of the inmates .... I know that you and members of Congress realize the gravity of the situation in our Federal penal institutions and appreciate the importance of securing adequate financial backing for relieving the congestion, and legislation to permit extension of prison industries."

Mr. Bates's figures show that Leavenworth is eighty-seven per cent overcrowded. Conditions at other federal prisons are no better, and the situation with which they must cope grows worse because of the steady increase in convictions for prohibition offenses. Six months ago eight per cent of the prisoners in Atlanta were there for dry law violations; today the figure stands at fourteen per cent. And Atlanta's population shows that it is already one-hundred and twenty-one per cent overcrowded. The result, of course, is that hundreds of offenders, serving light sentences, cannot be sent to Atlanta or Leavenworth at all. They are quartered in county jails across the country and there they are improperly institutionalized and improperly guarded. There is no economy in this emergency arrangement. Wherever the prisoners are, the Treasury must pay their keep.



Underwood

DAMAGE AT AUBURN

Ruins of the woodworking shop set on fire by rioting convicts

There can be no doubt that the progress of prison reform in the early days of this century and the ballyhoo with which it was accompanied has served to give the public as a whole a distorted picture of life as it is lived behind bars. So much has been said about humane control, the trusty system, the parole privilege, that the average man has taken it for granted that the last shadow of medievalism has disappeared from our bastilles.

The newspapers and the vaudeville humorists have helped to perpetuate this belief. Since privilege and recreation were first extended to prisoners their activities have been fair game for wise cracks. There is something about a convict baseball team which, to some juvenile minds, is irrepressibly funny. The idea of amateur theatricals is even funnier. The psychology of the humor, perhaps, would not bear intensive ex-

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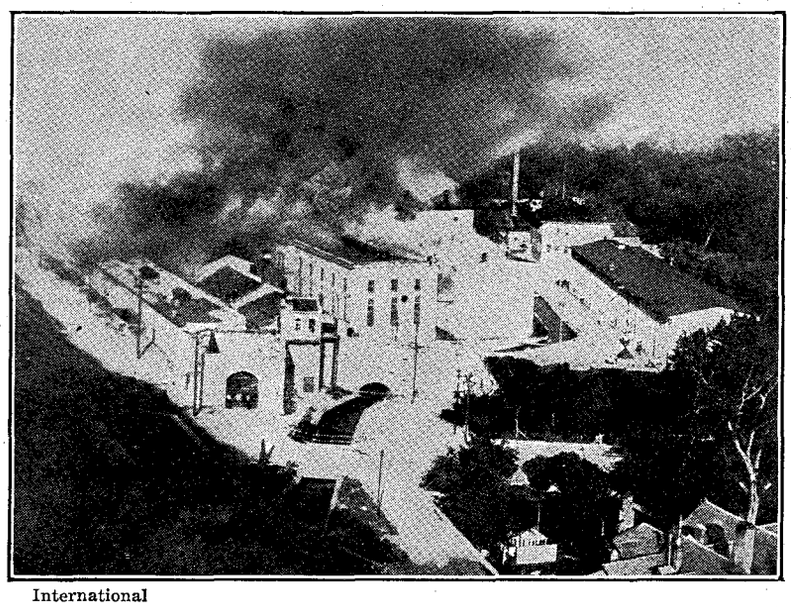
amination, but it is by reason of such gratuitous shafts that the principle of humane prison keeping has been under insidious and telling attack since first, through the pioneering of brave and far-seeing individuals, it was adopted. The result has been a conviction among many public men that the wards of the State are pampered darlings, that the prisons are governed and directed by paternalistic sentimentality. To hear them inveigh against Osborne or Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing is to be convinced that the cell house is a first cousin to the Hollywood bungalow, that all the comforts of home are provided for lawbreakers without the irritating compensation of the little gray mother's moralizing.

It is such men as these who were the most boisterous champions of the Baumes Laws when first they made their appearance on the statute books. The laws, of course, were proposed by sober-minded students who saw in them a method of alleviating the sweep of disorder. As such they deserve respect, but they have had the misfortune to win the support of the easy thinkers, the mobbists. The Baumes reforms, as every one knows, seek severer sentences, the realignment of degree of offense, and automatic life imprisonment for the habitual criminal. Similar programs, modeled after Senator Baumes's legislative bills in New York, have been increasingly experimented with in other states.

It is probably only natural that this movement for harsh sentences should have excited wide interest and incessant and uninformed proselytizing in a post-war and post-prohibition period. The general prevalence of crime and violence in these unsettled years convinced many that the old system was a failure, and that courageous steps must be taken at once to revolutionize it. The most obvious solution that occurred to most persons was to put more men in prison and to put them there for a longer time.

The process of experimentation, of slow testing, is alien to the American idea. This is a land of speed and snap decision. The first requirement of any policy is that it have simplicity, and once its advocates have established that it *is* simple and that it *seems* to have the possibility of success, it is too often accepted as proved. If a radically new law is adopted by one state and fails to create an immediate explosion, it is likely to be pounced upon and embraced elsewhere with a joyous and religious enthusiasm. Once upon the statute books, decision is too irrevocably made for reconsideration. Only neglect, indifference, and final nullification can rectify the error.



International

WHERE TWELVE PRISONERS AND GUARDS DIED

Airplane view of the Colorado State Prison after the firing of two cell houses

Whatever the merit of the Baumes Laws (and no one will deny them merit) the fact remains that they were not arrived at calmly. Their program is yet inchoate; their efficacy and virtue still lack definite test. And yet, until recently, the movement they represent was sweeping through converted legislatures as did the Free Silver bonfire that consumed the prairie states thirty years ago.

The Baumes movement may have had nothing directly to do with the recent prison revolts but it is inevitable that the repercussions from them will act at least as a temporary restraint upon the contagion. Lawmakers and executives in many states have looked to their fences; they have set about examination of their own institutions with new insight and new caution. The rioting and murder, the dire results of rebellion have impressed upon them the need for sober consideration and study before improved panaceas will be generally and finally accepted.

Dr. Raymond F. C. Kieb, Commissioner of Correction for New York, spoke right out in meeting after the Auburn and Dannemora incidents. He declared that the mandatory severity of the Baumes Laws in that state must bear at least a part of the responsibility. Long sentences and the passage of the life sentence statute for fourth offenders, he said, had created a new "desperation" psychology in the prisons. Governor Roosevelt, in ordering an investigation of the whole penal system, indicated that he was not entirely satisfied that the reforms were healthy in their effect, and he found expert support among some of the more able wardens of the country. Dr. Fabian Franklin of New York was more pointed in a public statement. He confined himself to a bitter attack on the fourth offender law.

"It imposes this punishment [life sentence]," he said, "by a mechanical rule which precludes the intervention either of ordinary human judgment or of ordinary humane feeling between the victim and his doom. Thus deliberately to divorce the infliction of punishment from the operation of reasonable standards of justice and humanity is to deprive the criminal law of its most essential support—the sense of its fundamental equity and right-mindedness."

It is difficult to debate with either Dr. Kieb or Dr. Franklin. It may be that the new attitude toward the criminal has, as the Commissioner says, carried itself into the prisons and created there a dangerous "rat-in-the-corner" attitude. And there is, in Dr. Franklin's attack, an element of wise truth. From a study of the four recent prison disturbances, however, it would seem that, while the two gentlemen have struck upon weak points in the Baumes program, the program cannot in itself be saddled with the blame in those particular cases.

It is well, however, to be forewarned. Before the state goes further with the policy of unyielding rigidity it is im-

(Please Turn to Page 356)

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War and Longevity

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

ON THE FIRST Sunday of the present month Gustav Stresemann, Germany's outstanding leader in the bloodless battles of peace, was carried to his grave. Behind the hearse bearing the body of the German Foreign Minister, as truly a sacrifice to the arduous task of keeping the peace as was ever a soldier to the hazards of war, walked Paul von Hindenburg, President of the German Republic and commander-in-chief of the German armies during the World War.

The dead statesman was but fifty-one years old when he died. The veteran warrior who paced behind his corpse was eighty-two. For months before his death Stresemann was a man broken in health, anxiously watched by relatives, friends and physicians, kept to a rigid diet, sent to bed early—he was an invalid, indeed, ere he had reached his fiftieth birthday. Hindenburg, on the other hand, celebrated his eighty-second birthday, which fell on the day before Stresemann died, by going on a hunting trip, which was cut short by the Foreign Minister's death.

Ten years of peace killed Gustav Stresemann; three wars—one the most terrible in history, in which he was the supreme leader on one side—have proved insufficient to lay Paul von Hindenburg low. Can it be that we have heard far too much about the terrors of war, far too little about those of peace? It would seem so—at least in so far as the longevity of war leaders is concerned.

Today, fifteen years after the outbreak of the World War and eleven years since its close, there are four men who can proudly boast that, despite having borne heavy burdens of leadership between 1914 and 1918, they have nevertheless become octogenarians. Hindenburg is one—of the others, two are military men, Joffre and Mackensen—and the other a civilian who was at the head of his country's war-time government at a time of acute crisis—Georges Clémenceau.

Joffre, of course, did not command the armies of France throughout the War. He bore the brunt of the great opening attacks of the Germans in 1914, after which others superseded him—Pétain, Nivelle, and, finally, Foch. Not he but Foch was summoned by destiny to lead the French to final victory. Nevertheless, one would have supposed that what "Papa" Joffre went through in the days of the Marne was enough to have made it impossible for him ever to celebrate his eightieth birthday. But celebrate it he did, and—though a feeble old man—he is still living in Paris.

Mackensen was verging on seventy when the War broke out. He fought in it from the outset of the East Prussian campaign through the drives on the Russian, Serbian and Rumanian fronts, right up to the end in 1918, yet the Armistice found him well-nigh as hale as when he first led his corps into action at Tannenberg, in August, 1914, as eagle-eyed as when he launched the great drive on the Dunajec in the following spring. I saw him in Berlin on Hindenburg's eightieth birthday two years ago. Ten years had elapsed since Germany's defeat, yet Mackensen, still wearing the magnificent headgear of the Death's-Head Hussars, his old regiment, bore his seventy-eight years as lightly as did Hindenburg his fourscore.

BUT THE MOST marvelous octogenarian of them all is Georges Clémenceau. When the World War broke out he was seventy-three years old, with a political record behind him so lengthy and violent that he ought to have been a dotard by 1914. Instead of that he was so much the man of the moment that he was immediately placed at the head of the French government, and he headed it with such a fury of energy as to eclipse anything he had ever shown before. To the blows dealt by Foch and his helpers, which crushed the armies of Germany, Clémenceau added the shackles of the Peace of Versailles, which bound the German Republic to the chariot wheel of the victors.

And while he was working night and day on the peace, after four years of working night and day on the War, a would-be assassin put a bullet into this marvel of human marvels! The world held its breath—surely Georges Clémenceau was done for at last. Nothing of the sort! With the bullet still in him, he went back to his home in La Vendée, where he has been celebrating birthdays ever since through the eighty-seventh. Apparently nothing but extreme old age will ever kill Clémenceau and that other hard-boiled octogenarian, von Hindenburg.

Meanwhile Woodrow Wilson has died, a victim rather of the peace with which he tried to end the War than of the War itself. And now Gustav Stresemann has been killed by the strain of this post-War period of ours, and Aristide Briand, his fellow zealot in the cause of peace, looks daily more shattered and worn-out, and the British colleague of the two, Sir Austen Chamberlain, after laboring with them in forging the Locarno pact against war, is enjoying at last a rest but for which he, too, might be lying in his grave like Stresemann. And, besides these outstanding champions of peace, many an official, in any one of a dozen European governments, must often wonder which is worse after all—waging war or maintaining peace.

Which *is* worse? Does the concentration, the singleness of purpose, of the war leader's task, offset for him the effects of war's horrors? Does ignoring non-essentials tend to give his mind greater vitality, his body greater resisting power to the encroachments of age? And—in the case of military men—does the physical training of their early years heighten their chances of longevity? Possibly. Men of peace, forced to create delicately-balanced international alliances, obliged to tread the devious ways of diplomacy and burn the midnight oil in stuffy governmental offices—how can they hope to compete with the men of war, accustomed to quick decisions and brutal, bull-like progress?

When peace followed the World War the generals went back to inactivity and Clémenceau found himself out in the cold—for he was deemed too much a man of war. Others, younger and subtler, took the reins. Well, one of them, Gustav Stresemann, is dead at fifty-one, and one of the old war dogs, Hindenburg, walked behind his hearse at eighty-one, and another, Georges Clémenceau, on the eve of eighty-eight, read the obituary notices!

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Emotional Prodder

A Portrait of Heywood Broun

By VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS

Heywood Broun, whose column appears in the newspapers of the Scripps-Howard chain, has access to 1,000,000 readers daily. Thus he becomes one of the "moulders of opinion" presented by The Outlook from time to time. Whether or not he is effective, Broun has—at the least—capacity for indignation. Mrs. Ross, who has here analyzed Heywood Broun, is a resident of New York City and the author of a forth-coming novel

EVERY generation has its prodders. When these prodders see a man dozing who ought to be awake, they poke him. They are the enemies of apathy. They prick the bubbles of delusion. They hang out red flags over pitfalls. They are the light explosives.

Often the best prodders are people without profound knowledge, people with sharp feelers and gusty reactions, people with instinctive insight. Heywood Broun, the newspaper critic, is one of these. He is not a scholar. He is not a scientist. His opinions spring from a deep-seated, emotional sense of justice. Yet he has too much humor to be a self-conscious uplifter. He champions the underdog out of a simple, hearty desire to see every man have a chance. He is never didactic. He is vigorous, light-handed, and persuasive.

"There ought to be indignation," Broun says. "America suffers from an exaggerated respect for authority of all sort. There is not half enough nagging and complaining. . . . The job of setting Americans mad about anything is difficult, and the task of keeping them that way is still more terrific." This, Broun feels, is his job. He undertakes it with enthusiasm.

Heywood Broun is forty-one. He has a large, ramshackle build. His body expresses a certain lazy power. He has been known to change weight as much as sixty pounds in a few months. When first you see him, he seems very much at ease. But his shy manner and his hesitant smile belie this impression. You come to realize that he is a highly sensitized person. His sensitivity, however, does not extend to the material world. His penthouse, at 120 West 58th Street, where he lives alone, bears witness to an ingrown spirit. Strewn over the stone floor, the player piano, the black mission desk, the Grand Rapids chairs, are unopened packages of books and neglected correspondence. A radio, presented by friends at the time Broun became a recluse, stands in one corner. A cat and three kittens wallow in hourly ablutions on the couch. On two sides of the room bookshelves reach to the ceiling, jammed with the output of the last fifteen years, still clothed in flagrant jackets, as though still clamoring for attention. Broun's own oil paintings, some of which have been exhibited at the Whitney Studio Club, decorate the other walls. One of them, an early American farmhouse with the outhouse in the foreground, is a picture of Sabine Farm. Another suggests a night club, with a few morose figures and table legs intertwined. If your eye wanders indiscreetly toward the bedroom, it is caught and held by a trail of shirts, ties, and socks leading toward the bed. Broun may be sensitive to human problems but he endures inanimate objects with a stoic calm. In the matter of clothes he admits this indifference. He even boasts of it. Referring to the customary use of the tailor, he says: "To my eye, any sharp crease creates an ugly line. A garment ought to hang something like a toga of the ancient Greeks." He has made rather successful efforts to attain this ideal in the past. Recently, owing perhaps to the fact that his prodding is taking on a sterner calibre, he shows signs of compromise.

In 1917, Broun married Miss Ruth Hale, a newspaper woman and the president of the Lucy Stone League. Much publicity was given to this marriage, not only because of the importance of its participants, but also because of Miss Hale's insistence on the right to keep her own name. Broun backed Miss Hale's feminism eloquently. "A human being needs a name" was his argument. He stood steadfast against the onslaught of comment.

Broun and Miss Hale bought a house at 333 West 85th Street which was famous for its arrangement. The basement went to the servants. Broun himself had the first floor. Here his desk was piled so high with books that there was no room for the typewriter. Two or three hundred telephone numbers were scratched on the wall behind his bed in useless confusion. He kept an oil stove and various food supplies for his own private cooking in the lavatory. The second floor belonged to Miss Hale exclusively. And Heywood Broun the third lived to himself on the top floor. Each one secured untrameled liberty.

There is even more scope for freedom in their country arrangements. Miss Hale lives at Sabine Farm on Hale Lake, just north of Stamford, and Broun has his own place four or five hundred yards away. To complete this group of independent personalities, Broun's airedale, Captain Flagg, who is about the size of a small car, can open a door by taking the knob in his teeth and twisting it in the right direction. At an early age, Heywood Broun the third, for whom free speech has not been made a problem, showed a ready philosophy about his home. One Sunday, he found the picture of an enormous jungle lion in the photogravure section of the paper. He took it to his father. "Heywood," he asked, "would you be afraid of that lion?" "No," Broun answered, "of course I wouldn't." "Oh, yes you would, too," cried young Heywood. "Why, even Ruth would be afraid of him."

Broun had the first public outlet for his dramatic instinct when he graduated from re-write man on the *New York Tribune* to baseball reporter. Here was grist to his mill. The reporting of murders and political gatherings requires impartiality. You must be a witness. No one is interested in your truculent observations. On the other hand, at a baseball game, you can linger to shout, curse, praise and boisterously take sides. You can build up or tear down reputations. You can curdle your readers' blood at will. All the glamor of the diamond is yours for the taking. Sportswriting is interpretive. Broun made the best of the po

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sibilities. He was a tophole reporter. Some of what he felt about it later crept into the pages of his novel, *The Boy Grew Older*. Through the character of Peter Neale, Broun implies the rapture of the games and the joyous sweating over the story. Hot from a football triumph, Peter rushes to a telegraph office to pound out his piece. He rattles it off without a break. It seems to be writing itself. When he shows it to young Pat, his son, the boy says it's damn rot. Peter's pride is more hurt by that criticism than by any other blow in his life. Broun must have taken much the same pride in his own stories.

The dramatic critic on the *Tribune* died. Broun was asked to take a shot at the plays. One of the first things he wrote was a sharp review of *Our Mrs. McChesney* with Ethel Barrymore starring. The other papers eulogized it. Miss Barrymore gave an interview. She had heard, she said, that this new critic was in reality a baseball reporter. She expostulated. The news filtered into the papers all over the country. This publicity was an anchor to windward. Broun rode on the crest of the wave.

Price Studios

HEYWOOD BROUN

After eight years of dramatic criticism, first on the *Tribune* and then on the *World*, Broun said: "During all these years I have been trying desperately to say why I liked a piece of acting or why I disliked it and in that time I have not succeeded once to my own satisfaction." He finds acting too elusive to gauge. The moments of a play slip by like so many flying birds. "One must be a wing shot to bring down an actor for the reading public." Nevertheless, Broun always takes a lusty, independent stand. For instance, in reviewing the opening of Shaw's *Saint Joan*, he said: "Several portions of the play are tedious. A little of it is cheap. There is a touch of the maudlin. And it is, in our judgment, the finest play written in the English language in our day." Later, in an essay on Shaw and Shakespeare, Broun proves, at least to his own satisfaction, that Shakespeare often befuddles his readers with coloratura trills of melody, whereas Shaw [illegible] often attains to deep and passionate truth. This cheerful iconoclasm forms a large part of Broun's literary prodding. It may possibly be a hangover from adolescence. But it comes as much from conviction as from the joy of fireworks. It is fearless, and, for the most part, invigorating.

Broun once took part in a show on the Century roof. He had a monologue in a revue called *Round the Town*. He seems to have lacked histrionic ability. Perhaps, because of his shyness. Or perhaps, because of that much discussed chasm which divides a born critic from a born artist. Once, for a term, he lectured on the drama at Columbia. For him, the experiment was not a success. He dislikes lecturing. He crammed what he had to say into the first four sessions and wearily completed the course by padding. He maintains that although he started with a hundred and fifty students, only ten attended the course at the end.

Now that he is no longer obliged to take sides in the matter of plays, Broun admits to preferring musical comedies. It is probably not idle boasting when he says that he knows most plays from the first act. It seems to him that a good play is about as good as a third rate novel. The play is too warped and strangled a vehicle for the story. For this reason he would always choose a musical show. There, at least, you have many wares from which to pick. A fleet dance or an airy song. You can abandon yourself to light feet or the lilt of a melting tune.

In the matter of fiction, he has prevailing favorites. Periodically the best novel by a living American soars comet-like into his column, then out of it again to disappear beyond the horizon. He does not always abet the best seller. He confessed that *Trader Horn* bored him. But ever since its appearance, he has held Sinclair Lewis's *Arrowsmith* high above the popular herd. Now it is *Arrowsmith's* turn to drop below. *A Farewell to Arms* shines in luminous glory across Broun's literary heaven. Many would disagree with him in his list of the three greatest living writers in English. He chooses Shaw, Kipling and Wells in the order named. His reactions to books, as to other things, is emotional. But in sports, in acting, and in existing human difficulties, some direct personal element sharpens and challenges his insight. He becomes a critic. Whereas, perhaps because they are more remote and more intellectualized, he is only an appreciator of novels.

As a prodder, Broun came into his own when, after working on four papers and two magazines, he started his column, "It Seems to Me" in the *New York World*. Here was an opportunity to plumb his own ego and hold up its fruit to the public eye. Here was a chance to develop his emotional acumen. Here he could hang out the bright pennants of his indignation. He could taunt foggy plays and warped novels. He could dig the authors of *Americana* in the ribs. He could tweak the ears of smug reformers, caricature the ardent efforts of censors, show up vainglorious preachers. And, in a milder mood of reflection, he could discourse on the virtues of owning a dog and being a father.

During the War, Broun had gone abroad as correspondent for the A. E. F. He gibed at the inefficiency of the War

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Department. He said that the French had to arm and equip some of our divisions. He stirred up an argument in the *Independent* concerning the inconsistencies of our use of the code. He was present at Verdun and saw enough of the pestilential bloodshed to become a pacifist. The Bureau of Public Information, impersonated by George Creel, sent him home. Later, sitting on *The World,* he urged disarmament, saying that "Of all the cleansing fluids, blood is the least effective."

BROUN TAKES a fiery stand on the subject of censorship. Free speech and a free press are two of his fetishes. When *Jurgen* was suppressed by John S. Sumner of the New York Vice Society, and again as challenge to Justice Ford, he flared up. "Never have I seen any adequate definition of license. I rather think it is the other fellow's conception of liberty." "No nation is ever going to grow up to art by being frightened into it." "To me the Golden Age will be when obscene things are proffered to the young and they say: Take that junk away, it's old stuff." He is always trying to open windows, to have the winds eddy around musty rooms, to create a good, stiff draught. Rout people from their huddled corners and bundle them out into airy spaces. Yet he himself is not proof to his wholesome prodding. He has had phases of tangled fear. While he flaunted the liberal banner, waiving aside the prejudices against sex, religion and race, he went through a period of great nervous instability. He grew in upon himself. He allowed himself phobias. He had agoraphobia and feared to go to baseball games. He had claustrophobia and feared to go to the theatres. He hibernated among the unopened books and trailing shirts of his apartment. He could not be prodded away. He went the round of medical authorities. He consulted heart doctors and psychoanalysts. Perhaps his constant need to look into himself for opinions nettled his sense of balance. Or perhaps the limelight was unhealthy for so modest an egoist. Whatever the cause of these psychic knots, he seems now to have disentangled himself and achieved a workable fulcrum.

Being an intuitive person, basing his opinions, as he does, on innate reactions, Broun works swiftly. He admits that he must occasionally grub around for a subject. There is not always a full fledged impetus to spur him. But his column usually takes him no more than two hours. Nevertheless, he is busy. Besides many magazine articles and several books of comment, he has written a play, *Death Says It Isn't So,* performed once for a benefit at the Belasco Theatre with Julia Hoyt, a couple of novels, and an ingenious fairy tale called *Gandle Follows His Nose.* It is the sort of tale into which one may read many interpretations. A philosophic symbolism stands just behind it. Gandle might be any youth in search of the fugitive meaning to life—an uncertain, curious spendthrift of experience. His adventures, so warm, so heady, so colorful, induced Deems Taylor to try it for an opera. He worked over it for a year or more, but now the plan has been abandoned. *The Boy Grew Older* could fairly be called autobiographical. In this novel, Broun unburdens his ideas on fatherhood. He also snares and sets down a prima donna type of woman with a beautiful irresponsibility. She suggests the Russian ballet dancer, Lopokova, in whom, long ago, Broun is rumored to have taken a more than critical interest. In the editor of the paper, he is said to have characterized Herbert Bayard Swope. He claims that Swope has always overshadowed his mind and that, when he finally left the *World,* he felt a great relief to be rid of Swope's influence. When he saw Swope again, after starting his column in the *Telegram,* Swope remarked that it was pretty good stuff, but for God's sake have the sub-heads moved in a couple of ems. Thus the sword of Damocles still hangs above Broun's head. Broun has compensations, however, for his industriousness. Among them is the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club. In the company of Woollcott, F. P. Adams, and former loiterers at the Algonquin revels, Broun exchanges private wisecracks and personal cheques over the green baize of the poker table. They often start playing Saturday afternoon and keep at it far into Sunday. One hears that as much as four or five thousand dollars have been lost and won at a sitting. But, just as Broun can change his actual weight in astoundingly short order, so he can pass swiftly from enthusiastic frivolity to exalted indignation. And when the issue is profound enough, he has proved unwavering. He has clung to his standard immutably. He has not been afraid to carry high challenge into the ranks of the opposing camp.

It was in the summer of 1927 that Sacco and Vanzetti were tried and condemned. Broun's emotional sense of justice was fanned to a great flame by their case. His feeling amounted to almost a fury. With all the experience of prodding behind him, he knew well how to be eloquent. He let loose the power of his tongue. On two succeeding days, the *World* printed his columns demanding a pardon or a new trial. He was throwing the gauntlet at the Massachusetts Governor. "Scratch through the varnish of any judgment seat and what will you strike but hate, thick-clothed from centuries of angry verdicts? Did any man ever find power within his hand except to use it as a whip?" . . . Then Broun, himself a Harvard man, wound up his second article with a bitter taunt to President Lowell, one of the three men reviewing the case. "From now on," he wrote, "will the institution of learning in Cambridge, which once we called Harvard, be known as Hangman's House?" On the day this column appeared, various threats were made by the communists. One bomb exploded in a subway exit. The police found another. The next morning Broun's column was not published. He wrote a fourth piece about Sacco and Vanzetti which the *World* also refused to print. He tendered his resignation. Mr. Pulitzer put a note in the paper to the effect that he had no desire to break off relations with Broun but that he reserved the right to withhold articles not in accord with the paper's policy. Broun, he said, had expressed himself "with the utmost extravagance." Although the bombing in the subway was doubtless a coincidence, the editors of the *World* felt that Broun's exhortations were highly inflammatory. They claim to have given him instructions to abandon the subject of Sacco and Vanzetti. In reply to Mr. Pulitzer's statement, Broun said that he had received no instructions. "I contend," he went on, "that in a column headed 'It Seems to Me' and signed Heywood Broun, it is Heywood Broun speaking and not the *World.*"

ON THE OPPOSITE page from his column, the *World* published letters from many people demanding a new trial for Sacco and Vanzetti. The editorials spoke in the same vein. But whereas Broun's column was a vehement expression of personal indignation, the editorials maintained the disinterest

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Communism by Compromise

By J. F. RUDOW

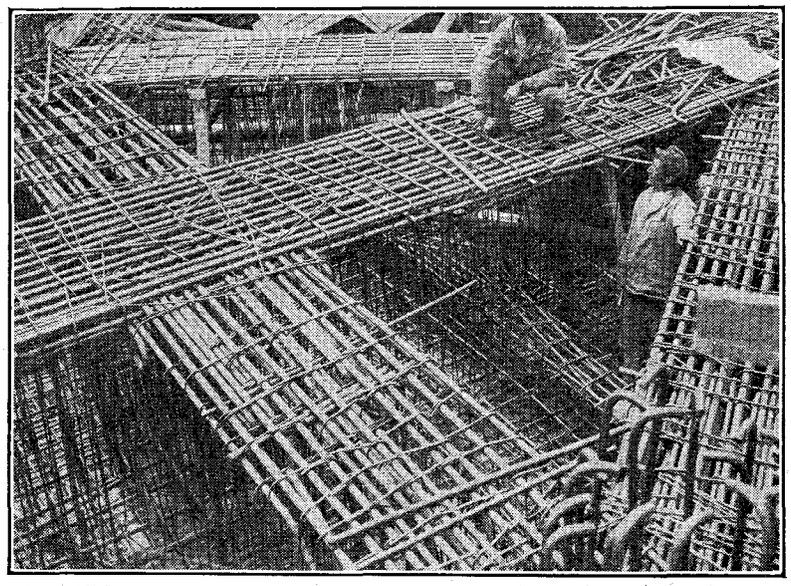
Communism in its pure and unadulterated form seems to have flourished best in Russia in those days when Lenin and his lieutenants were destroying all vestiges of the Czarist regime. When his successors were confronted with the actual task of building on the ruins, they found merit in certain capitalistic practices. The author traces the economic ascent that followed that discovery. Mr. Rudow, a banker by profession, has lately begun to write about economic and financial matters

OUR DAILY PRESS, as well as financial periodicals have recently treated the American public to numerous discussions in regard to the Soviet Republic. In these discussions the authors either ventilate the possibilities for business, or less ethically expressed, the advantages and profits which are to be derived from business with the Communists; or they deal with the uncompromising attitude official Washington prefers to take in the way of non-recognition of the Soviet Government, and try to reinforce this view with personal observations which seem to lack somewhat in thoroughness —sometimes—or which are taken under an inaccurate angle. However, they all reveal a sudden interest which seems to have its origin in a gradual realization that Soviet Russia after ten years of existence and growing vitality has proven to be a condition and not a theoretical experiment; and that this Russia has shown recuperative powers which might well astonish the world, if the world and we Americans in particular were to think and judge less hypocritically when it comes to the so much hated Communistic State.

There it is, the word *hate,* a word far too much used thoughtlessly in our language. During the time of the unprovoked attack of the Allies against Russia, and in which we lustily joined, our press regaled us daily with stories similar to those we were fed about Germany. But Russia never made an attempt to counteract this insidious propaganda of *hate*; therefore the ideas about present day Russia are still warped and perverted in the mind of the general public. If we then read that Washington does not choose to recognize the Soviet for reasons which do not seem to be free of a certain shortsightedness politically, nor in keeping with principles of [illegible]d economy, then it becomes comprehensible why the majority of Americans show such almost unbelievable indifference toward an issue which before long might fill the world. It seems therefore timely and appropriate to bring before the public, as sincerely and impartially as possible, the most salient facts pertaining to Soviet Russia, both economic and political.

First of all, what is Communism as well as Socialism? We are accustomed to describe the representatives of the two creeds with the word "Reds" and register simultaneously horror and disgust. This though is pardonable because commonly we judge from the comparatively small number of immature and alien propagandists in this country, where there is absolutely no reason for spreading their creed. Socialism as well as Communism is based upon the principle that capital and production derive an income through interest and profit which constitutes an injustice against Labor. Marx teaches that these two classes withhold from the wage earner a part of the values produced with their labor. Socialism professes to have found the remedy in socializing, monopolizing or unionizing all enterprises. Consumption is left free. Communism adheres to the same principles but will also regulate consumption. While Socialism recompenses the former owners, Communism does not. Personal liberty is not existent with Communism; it is in reality a perpetuated and enlarged militarism, where every citizen is limited in his consumption of goods and where the state official puts him at work at the official's whim. Capitalism and free individual economy avoid the fatal consequences of the other two creeds; the best man wins, especially if a democratic government is the protector. These are in short the main principles of Socialism and Communism in comparison with Capitalism.

It is not my aim to enter here upon a lengthy discussion of the error in the premise of the theory nor of the consequences, if it were really carried to its logical conclusion; but this much may be said, that this ideal, this utopia as it is preached and as it is practised, is doomed to failure because it promises happiness and must labor for matter. Ever since the last Allied troops and American soldiers had been withdrawn from Russian soil, ever since the last counter revolution had gone to smash and ever since in 1921 the final unification of republican Russia under the Soviet régime had become a fact, this same régime began to diverge from purely communistic principles as production became almost negligible; it had sunk to fifteen per cent of the 1913 figure. From that time forward we can observe the economic ascent of Soviet Russia.



Press Cliche

MODERNIZING MOSCOW
Preparing the foundation of the Moscow Telegraph Building

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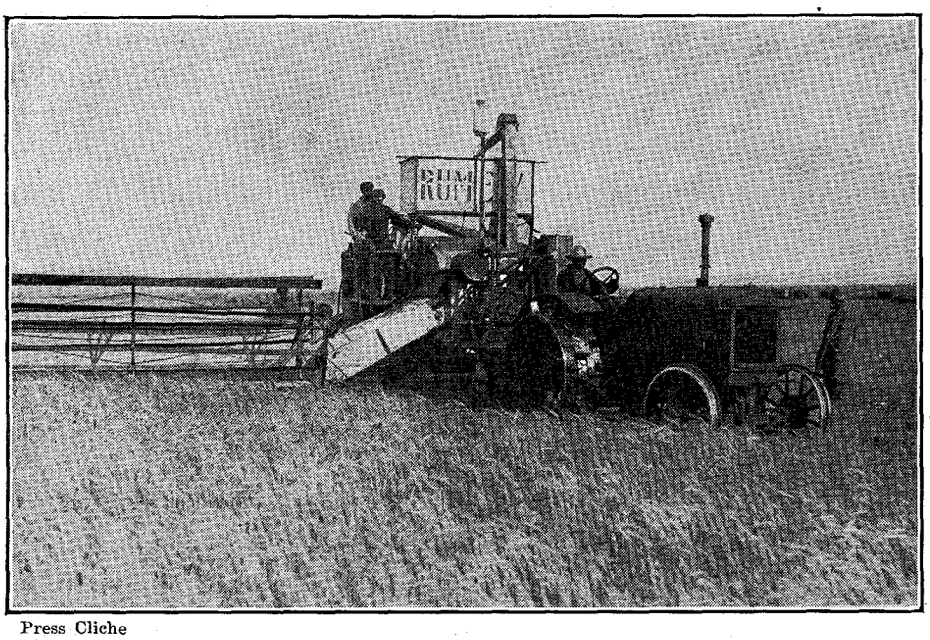
More than anything else the late controversy between Stalin and Trotsky has announced to the world the evolution from communism to socialism. This controversy boils down to the one question: Can Soviet Russia stand alone as a socialist state among the capitalistic states of Western Europe and the United States? Leon Trotsky, brother in arms of Nicolai Lenin and true to his Marxian theories and principles, could only answer: *No*, the world revolution, started with Russia, must be spread all over Europe. Stalin answered the question with *Yes*. His emphatic *Yes* was stronger than Trotsky's theoretical *No*. So the controversy ended with Trotsky's exile and with the redoubled efforts on the part of Stalin to rebuild Russia, entailing the sacrifice of certain communistic principles. But Stalin realizes and through his actions recognizes the power of capitalistic Europe to withstand communistic onslaughts. Therefore he chooses to compromise and to modify. He is not a diehard, he is a product of his time and permits himself to be guided by circumstances as they develop.

So in 1921 the Soviet government found itself facing the enormous problem of rebuilding Russia. Where to begin? Russia has a population of over 150,000,000 inhabitants. Of these 120,000,000 are peasants, devoting their labor to agriculture. In their plans for reconstruction and later in their five-year plan for socializing and rationalizing, the Soviet government gave preference to industry and not to agriculture in spite of the overwhelming percentage devoted to the latter. For this apparent incongruity the Soviet had two very vital reasons. The first was dictated by bitter experience of a military nature. Russia was independent and self-sustaining in agriculture, but not in industry as was proven to the Bolsheviki during the time of the allied blockade. Therefore it became imperative to rebuild Russian industries first of all. The second reason was more of a practical psychological nature: Industrial management is centered in the cities. It can therefore be reached quicker, more effectively and with a minimum loss of time as compared with agriculture. But to start their industrial reconstruction the Soviet needed intercourse with western Europe, commercially and financially, which in turn required a regulated financial system. A central financial institution became therefore an absolute necessity, not to speak of the chaotic state into which the currency system had fallen and which cried for speedy solution.

Therefore, and at a time when it was realized that the theoretical principle of abolishing free individual economy in agriculture and industry could not be applied practically, it became also necessary to abandon this same principle in communistic financial policy. In February, 1920, the former Russian State Bank and later Russian People's Bank had been dissolved by law. What had become of the State Bank's resources, nobody actually knew. In October, 1921, the Soviet government decreed the establishment of the Soviet State Bank with an initial capital of two million rubles. As a part of the Commissariat of Finance the program of the bank was then rather limited and centered mainly upon the granting of credits to state enterprises, and the financing of exports; it has also the state monopoly to buy and sell foreign exchange bills. In so far as it succeeds in attracting private capital, the bank has the right to use such capital for the financing of private enterprises (sic). The bank at first did not have the right to issue notes. Until the finance and currency reform was carried through the bank had an excellent opportunity to turn the almost worthless paper rubles into gold values by paying the exporter with paper rubles of the vintage of 1922 and receiving from the foreign purchaser gold or its equivalent in foreign exchange bills. With the issuance of the new state money of the R. S. F. S. R. Ser. 1922, a devaluation of the circulating paper money started and made an earnest currency reform an absolute necessity. Thus the bank was vested with the right to issue its own notes. In October, 1922, the *Goldbanknotes* or *Tschernewency* were created. These notes must be covered with at least twenty-five per cent in gold and foreign exchange bills (gold exchange standard), the rest by collateral and short-term notes. One Chernovetz is equal to ten old gold rubles and has a theoretical quotation of $5.14. A gold exchange obligation does not exist. Beside these Chernovetz there are the Treasury notes of the Finance Commissariat. This currency was created in March, 1924, partly in coins. There is practically no cover for this circulation; it is in reality fiat money. The only protection it has is the law that it must not exceed fifty per cent of the circulation of the Chernovetz, but it may still in an emergency rise to seventy-five per cent. Presently it has reached about sixty per cent of the Chernovetz circulation. This is the main reason that the Chernovetz has lost about fifty per cent of its purchasing power in Russia. But this inflation does in no way affect Russia's payments abroad, since neither of the two currencies are officially quoted abroad, nor are they permitted to cross the frontiers.

With the slow and gradual retre[illegible] of unpractical communistic prin[illegible]



Press Cliche

AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL METHODS
Combine in the fields of a state farm in the northern Caucasus

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from Russia's economic structure, the rights of the bank were augmented and enlarged, so that today a fully complete and extensive system of 1100 branches and agencies is in existence. The peculiar thing about the Soviet State Bank is the fact that it acts at once as central bank and as finance institution. Besides this capitalistic system of the state there are today in Soviet Russia about 3000 savings banks and about 1200 other banking institutions. The once condemned capitalistic idea of "interest on capital" has made room for the daily quotations of interest on discounts, credits and deposits on call or time, collateral, etc.

The Soviet State Bank has undergone a truly remarkable expansion since its inception. The total resources of the bank for October 1, 1924, amounted to 1,248,923,000 gold rubles. A year later they had increased to 2,275,720,000 gold rubles. One gold ruble being equal to $0.5145. In 1928 total resources had reached an amount of 3,767,401,000 gold rubles. Since 1928 the bank's statements show a capital of 250,000,000 gold rubles. The ratio of reserves to circulation has always moved well above the legally required twenty-five per cent; only the latest return shows a drop to 25.8 per cent. About a month ago the Soviet government decreed an increase in the capital of the bank to 400,000,000 gold rubles, equal to $255,000,000.

A short sketch of Russia's saving deposits and of her internal debts should complete our picture of this country's financial structure under Soviet régime. According to statements available on February 1, 1929, deposits in savings banks amounted to 370,000,000 gold rubles with 4,200,000 depositors. This compares with October 1, 1925, as follows: 33,500,000 gold rubles with 818,000 depositors. The internal debt of Russia had reached by March 1, 1929, a total of 1,887,300,000 gold rubles resulting from balancing the budget. State and co-operative organizations are holding about 765,900,000 rubles while the general public, mainly the urban population, is holding the rest. And these internal loans do not seem to observe any communistic principles either, if we note two loans of 1927 carrying ten per cent and twelve per cent respectively. But interest on [redacted] constitutes an injustice against labor, a robbery! Sic transit communismus!

Hand in hand with this financial reconstruction went industrial reconstruction, coupled with an intensive industrial research and a well directed movement in social welfare on a strictly scientific basis. One tries to find the cause for all kinds of social ills and deficiencies in order to remove this cause instead of trying only to remedy the effect. Voluntary prohibition should soon become more popular in Soviet Russia than enforced prohibition ever will in our country. That under such tutelage morals should in time attain a higher level than under the Czarist régime, goes without saying. Corruption exists among officials. That is true. But the prosecution and penalty are so swift and so severe that in time there will not be more corruption in Soviet Russia than anywhere else.

After the fall of the Czarist government and during the following years of civil war and intervention, industrial production had fallen to a very low level as compared with the pre-War output. From 1917 to 1920 the disintegrating process in industry went on rapidly, in fact so rapidly that in that year Russia produced only one-third of her former oil output, one-fourth of the 1913 coal mining figure and less than one-tenth of the iron and steel production. All in all her industrial production was less than fifteen per cent of the 1913 figure. With this in mind the accompanying table showing a comparison between production figures of 1913 and 1927/8 should be particularly interesting and significant.

Agriculture suffered more during the War and the years of revolution and counter revolutions than industry. Agriculture had been stripped of almost everything from man power to feed and cattle. Recovery was therefore slower than in industry. Production has doubled since 1921, but has not yet reached the pre-War level. Expressed in metric tons Russia produced grain to the following amounts: 1913, 90,000,000; 1924/5, 73,000,000; 1925/6, 77,760,000; 1926/7, 73,120,000; 1927/8, 74,280,000. Production of live stock on the other hand has with 257,399,000 head for 1927/8 passed the figure of 1913.

Soviet Production

	1913		1927-8
Coal	29,360,000	metr. tons	34,498,000
Oil	9,200,000	metr. tons	11,052,000
Mining	1,004,000,000	gold rubles	1,245,000,000
Metals	628,000,000	gold rubles	679,000,000
Steel Smltg. ..	260,000,000	poods	234,000,000
Electr. Mach. ..	80,000,000	gold rubles	190,000,000
Electr. Pwr. ..	2,000,000,000	klwhrs.	5,500,000,000
Cotton Cloth ..	2,202,000,000	meters	2,533,000,000
Woolen Cloth ..	98,000,000	meters	97,525,000

It was said before that 1921 was the year of lowest industrial production. By 1926 the period of rehabilitation, that is the revival of the basic capital invested in industries, had been completed, and from then on the expansion of industry upon new capital investment had started. During the first year of this new period the increase in production amounted to 19.5 per cent and during 1927/8 it increased to a total of twenty-three per cent.

Before the War Russia's export trade consisted mainly of oil, coal, grain, and timber, while imports comprised machinery, tools and consumption goods. A comparison of exports and imports should enable us to judge Russia's present position better than we can from production alone. In fact this will give us a true picture of what has been achieved since 1921. From available figures the following table, expressed in gold rubles and comprising all classes of goods, will give us an idea:

	Exports	Imports
1913	1,501,000	1,140,000
1924/5	575,000	724,000
1925/6	703,000	756,000
1926/7	797,000	713,000
1927/8	784,000	945,000

By keeping imports down to the barest necessities and increasing production and still slower rebuilding to show a favorable trade balance for the first year of the expansion period. Bad crops and considerably increased imports caused an unfavorable trade balance for the following business year while the first half of the current year shows a favorable balance of 34,000,000 gold rubles.

Grain and oil have been and are the main export items in Russia's foreign trade. In fact they govern the trade balance. Very slow recovery in grain production and still slower rebuilding of this particular export item are greatly responsible for the adverse trade balances. In years of largest unfavorable trade balance Russia's grain ex-

(Please Turn to Page 358)

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The Trend of Events

Plea to a Jury

THE QUESTION of the political and religious views of the seven defendants finally stalked knee-deep into the Charlotte trial when Mrs. Edith Miller, a defendant's wife, took the stand. Mrs. Miller testified that she did not believe in a Supreme Being who rewards the virtuous and punishes the sinner; that she advocates revolution, and that she taught North Carolina children that "we ought to have a Government like that in Soviet Russia." Before the trial was over, counsel for the State were picturing the defendants as Red revolutionaries, atheists, and, some of them, even Northerners.

Last to appear for the State was Solicitor Carpenter, who threw himself into his job perfervidly. He got down on the floor to illustrate his remarks. He knelt and prayed before the jury. He handed Mrs. Aderholt the shot-torn coat of her husband, the slain Gastonia Chief of Police, and while she wept and wiped her eyes told her to "take it home." He spoke of "scenes of debauchery" at the strikers' headquarters. He referred to Policemen Roach and Gilbert as "Christian gentlemen." He repudiated the defense contention that Policeman Hord "slept in a church one night with a horse."

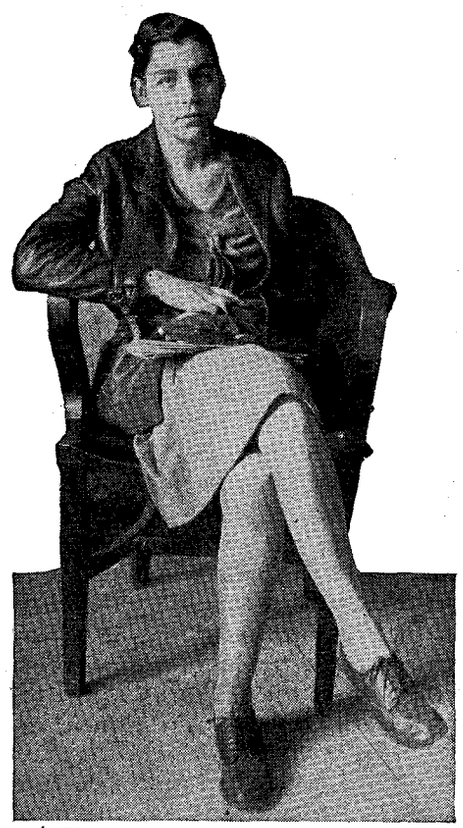
Nor did he stop there. He announced that Defendant Beal and his Communist fellows went to Gastonia not to help the workers but to indulge in revolutionary activities. It was his opinion that the defendants were "devils with hoofs and horns, who threw away their pitchforks for shotguns." They were, he said, "traitors to the cause of law, law enforcement, and our Government." The "foreign Communists" were damned as "fiends incarnate," who "came sweeping like a cyclone, like a tornado, to sink their fangs into the heart and life-blood of my community."

"Do you believe in the Flag, do you believe in North Carolina, do you believe in good roads?" he asked the jury pointedly. Supposing they did, what were they to do? Solicitor Carpenter told them, as follows: "Men do your duty; do your duty, men, and in the name of God and justice render a verdict that will be emblazoned across the sky of America as an eternal sign that justice has been done."

The jury found all seven of the defendants guilty in fifty-seven minutes.

Modern Pyramids

FOUR APARTMENT BUILDINGS, sensational examples of modernistic architecture, will rise in New York early in 1930. The designer is Frank Lloyd Wright, an American perhaps better known in Europe than in the United States, who is frequently credited with being the dean of the modernist movement in architecture. The new buildings, inverted pyramids of glass and copper, will rest upon concrete bases set in bedrock. Each will be built around a concrete core from which eighteen shelves, or stories, will radiate, widening gradually from the bottom. All furniture will be of pressed steel fabrication; as much as possible will be built in.



Acme

TYPIST COMMUNIST

Edith Saunders Miller impeached as a witness in the Charlotte trial

Mr. Wright has so long preached the modernist theories of adapting architecture to function and surroundings and of using the modern tool, the machine, to the best advantage, that he might almost be said to have invented them. Early in his career he was commissioned to design an earthquake-proof hotel in Tokio, something no architect had been able to do. He pondered, and then sank his concrete foundation, not in the usual rectangular form, but in the shape of a boat. When the next earthquake came, his hotel rocked like a ship on the sea and not an inch of plaster was jarred from its place.

Since then, he has become identified in Chicago and the Middle West with the so-called Prairie Architecture. His low, rambling concrete dwellings, with square lines and terraced roofs, have had no little influence on European builders. It is typical of Mr. Wright, that, facing new exigencies in the New York apartment-house problem, he should adopt a new form—the inverted pyramid. Building congestion and traffic noise make the higher floors the more valuable; therefore, he makes the topmost stories the largest. Light and air are at a premium; therefore, he abandons his favorite textile-block concrete for copper and glass. Good architects, he believes, must interpret the life of their era. Considered from this standpoint, his pyramids may not be as fantastic as they sound.

A Week of Volsteadism

IN THE FISCAL YEAR ended June 30, 21,602 persons were jailed for violating the Volstead Act, 2,000 more than in the year preceding. Field agents of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, returning from Canada, report that under the Government control system the liquor traffic can be regulated so as to prevent abuses affecting the public welfare. Past-president Martin of the American College of Surgeons joins President-elect Miller in saying that prohibition is a failure and a blow to temperance. Professor Chafee of Harvard and Walter M. Pollak, New York lawyer, will investigate lawlessness and law-enforcers and report to the

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ersham Commission. Professor McBain of Columbia characterizes enforcement as a frost, doubts that the Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed, and asks for local option according to sections of the country. Attorney General Mitchell has been attempting to discover whether the buyer may be held as guilty as the seller under Section 6 of the Volstead law. The question may soon be referred to the Supreme Court.

Thus runs the prohibition news of a single, typical week. Overshadowing all other items, however, is the account of the thirty-five simultaneous raids conducted on the huge, high-pressure rum syndicate which has been operating along the northeastern shore, with a radio station, as well as an observation tower and storage vaults, in New Jersey, and a salesroom in the heart of New York City. The profits of this syndicate are estimated at about $4,000,000 a year. Like other vast business enterprises, it was based on a simple idea—that of running a fleet of vessels between Bermuda and St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the Canadian Coast.

Riding safely outside the twelve-mile limit, these ships unloaded their cargoes into speed boats which then scooted for the coast of New Jersey or Long Island. Brought ashore, the liquor was cut, deposited in warehouses, and carted to customers on demand. The wireless station sputtered instructions binding the units together. Had it not been for an intercepted message in code the syndicate might still be doing business at the same old stand, worrying about nothing but hijackers, whom it was prepared to greet with a staggering array of machine-guns, riot guns, pistols, tear gas guns, and gunmen.

Taken in connection with the shattering of two other large rum rings operating from Detroit, this seizure lends point to Prohibition Commission Doran's assertion that the Government is now going after the big fellows hammer and tongs. It also lends point to the familiar statement that the bootleg business is now one of the largest in the country.

▶▶*Tribute to Edison*

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY celebration of [illegible]r. Edison's electric light was as [illegible]l as Henry Ford and expert pub[illegible]ould make it. There were the electrical displays in many cities; there were the families of the world tuning in on an unprecedented international broadcast, and, as they snapped their electric light buttons, taking thought, many of them for the first time, on what a boon Mr. Edison had granted them.

Then came the party. The names of the five hundred guests read like an abridged edition of *Who's Who*—President and Mrs. Hoover, Madame Curie, Owen D. Young, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Charles G. Dawes, Charles M. Schwab, and so on.

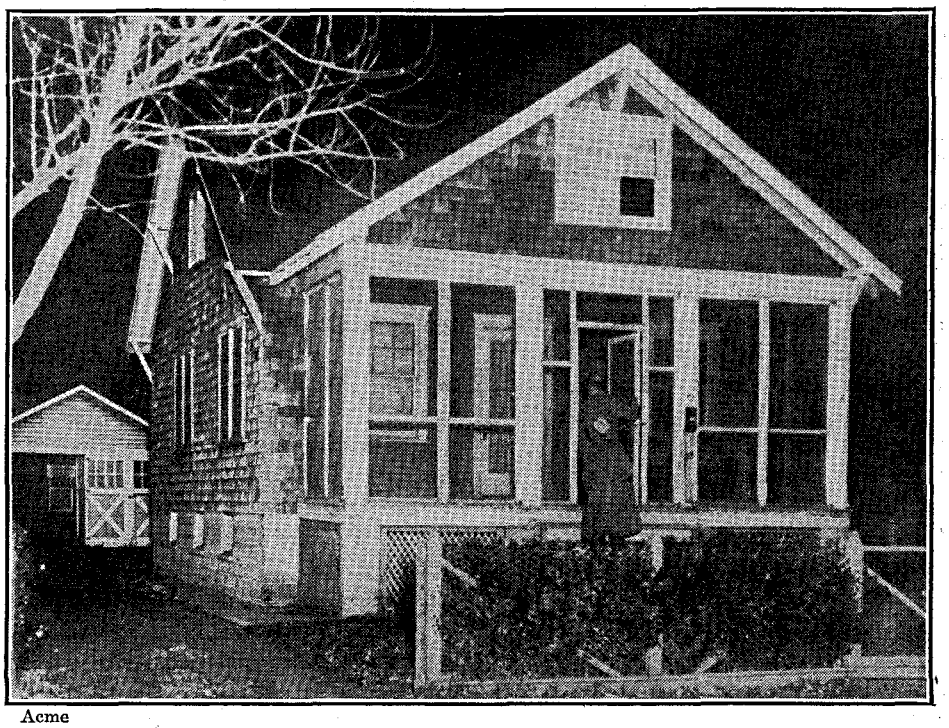
Mr. Ford's antiquarian talents served him well. The scene was the old Edison laboratory, moved from Menlo Park to Dearborn as a nucleus for the Edison School of Technology. The time was 1879. Graham MacNamee at the microphone. The Fords and the Hoovers sat in the glow of an oil lamp while Mr. Edison made a duplicate of his first light bulb—the "light which burns without gas or flame"—which was greeted, fifty years ago, with cries of "Impossible!" It was just as good as going to the theatre.

Then the lights came on and the spectators were back in the present again. There were tributes from the President and other guests, and the much-anticipated talk by Professor Albert Einstein, speaking for three minutes in German and static, from a broadcasting studio in Berlin.

All told, it was a splendid tribute and one for which the nature of Mr. Edison's fame is especially well adapted. The guest of honor is responsible, if not for the principles, at least for the practice of many modern conveniences and pleasures. By effecting improvements and economies and offering finished products, he has come directly into the lives of the people. They appreciate him as they appreciate few other scientists. It was fitting that this man of unquestioned standing as a practical inventor and scientist should be honored in so large-scale a manner in this practical age, especially during his own time.

▶▶*Future a la Fox*

WILLIAM FOX ANNOUNCES the first of a proposed nation-wide chain of movie theatres, with low admission rates, to be devoted entirely to newsreels; which is good news. He announces that his company will soon be ready to sell talking motion picture projection apparatus, on the installment plan, to every American home; which is to be expected. He announces that, using talking pictures made by the religious and intellectual leaders of the country, he will be able to fill all the churches and lecture-halls of the country and that he plans to educate school children by a visual-oral system; which is rather appalling. He announces that



Acme

REMOTE CONTROL
Radio station which directed the activities of the $4,000,000 rum ring

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Wide World

WRITING AN OPERA

George Gershwin taking time off "to do some serious work"

he is ready to devote $9,000,000, a fourth of his personal fortune, to these projects; which is very generous indeed of Mr. Fox.

But, Mr. Fox. Is it so exhilarating to conceive of every Protestant in the country listening, at the same moment, to the same sermon by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman? Do you really exult that "it would be possible for every pupil in America to learn the same subject from the same man at the same time?" Unfortunately for standardization, children are not turned out on the factory belt-system—not yet.

Yet the worst of it is, some of these things may happen. If so, these children, educated so methodically, with such economy of time, labor, and expense, will grow up. Doubtless they will grow up to be expert and contented placers of bolt number 3 on screw number 9 during the working day, shortened by efficiency to a mere three or four hours. And in their spare time? Oh, in their spare time they will be absorbing canned religion from a mechanized pulpit, or acquiring further education from canned lectures, or watching canned newsreels, or something.

▶▶*American Opera*

An opera by Hamilton Forrest, 27-year-old Chicagoan, will have its world première next January at the new Chicago Opera House, with Mary Garden and Charles Hackett in the leading rôles. It is called *La Dame aux Camelias,* based on the work of that name by the younger Dumas. George Gershwin has announced that he will forsake jazz music for a time, to write an opera, supposedly for presentation by the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York. It is to be based on Ansky's drama of Jewish mysticism, *The Dybbuk,* long the classic of Yiddish theatres. Three seasons ago, the Metropolitan presented *The King's Henchman,* by Deems Taylor, with a book by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Its setting was Tenth Century England. Whereas the only well-known opera which is American in setting and theme, *The Girl of the Golden West,* has been revived this season in New York with Maria Jeritza in the title rôle. It was written by an Italian.

Thus it appears that, while America, at long last, is beginning to produce opera, the all-American opera is not yet. Possibly it is not especially to be desired. Opera has always been an international affair. Nevertheless, it would be interesting to hear an opera made by, for, in, and of America.

Possibly Gershwin is the composer to give it to us. His career reads like a typical American success story. He began life in the inartistic surroundings of New York's east side, the son of poor Jewish parents. At seventeen he gave up a job as book-keeper to become a song-plugger at $15 a week. Jazz made him famous. When, acknowledged King of Tin Pan Alley, he branched out from song-writing into serious music, he took his jazz with him. His *Rhapsody in Blue,* introduced in 1924 by Paul Whiteman, delighted many critics of modernistic music. So did the *Concerto in F,* and *An American in Paris,* which followed. At thirty-one, Mr. Gershwin is enviably able to attract crowds to both concert and musical-comedy box offices. He has the American background and has helped to make jazz America's contribution to music. Perhaps in his next opera he will tackle an American theme.

▶▶*Dowager in a Row*

Despite the vigilance of the royal Rumanian publicity staff, a bit of vinegar occasionally gets mixed with

Wide World

MARIE

Queen of Rumania who failed to win in the Regency

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the honey dribbling out of Bucharest and into the press. This happened when dispatches described the pretty tiff between Marie and Premier Maniu.

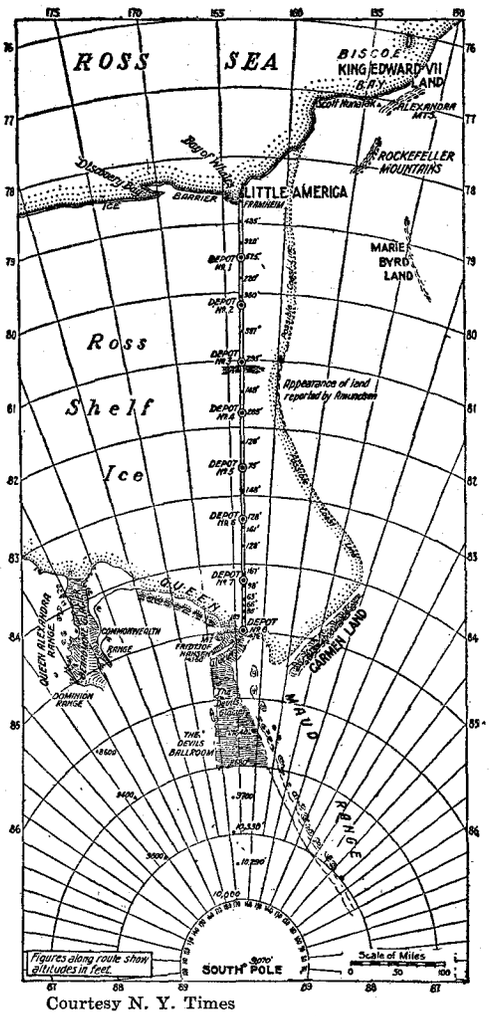
Not long ago, death claimed one of the Regents appointed to exercise royal prerogatives until young King Michael comes of age. Marie, that redoubtable widow, thereupon sought to succeed him. Premier Maniu balked. The royal family, he pointed out, already had one representative on the Regency Council in Prince Nicholas. One was enough. Flying into a rage, Marie withdrew to the Black Sea. Furthermore, she is said to have issued a newspaper statement, later diplomatically denied, which, bristling with hostility to the Peasant Cabinet, accused Premier Maniu of attempting to rule the Regency.

The ambition of Marie is not merely that of a widow who has wearied of her weeds and finds aviation an inadequate outlet for her energy. She is not only Dowager but representative of the interests which long regarded Rumania as their private preserve and now deplore the exploitation of its natural resources, notably oil, by foreign capital, fear the power of populations added after the War, and see their governmental system ruined by a program of decentralization. Down, they are not yet out. When Premier Maniu, head of the Peasant Ministry created a year ago in response to modern needs, offered to resign last Summer following an unsuccessful coup d'état, they were not ready. They will not be unprepared a second time.

Yet there may not be a second time. If the court remains mediaeval, the nation moves toward the modern destiny prepared for it when its boundaries were extended, when its economic potentialities were expanded, when the balance of power shifted from royalty to people. Though a small clique still dreams old glories, the people themselves are increasingly inclined to support a Government which will give them their share of the fortunes to be realized from wheat, gas, oil, and timber. Queen Marie is reported as saying, "We are what we are—royalties." In modern Rumania, that may be less of a boast of strength than a confession of weakness.

▸▸*Down South*

[redacted]G HAS COME to Little America (it's [redacted]out thirty degrees below zero) and Commander Byrd has inaugurated the preliminary work for explorations during the coming Antarctic summer. According to the New York *Times*, a supporting party, or advance guard, for the geologists who will follow has been picking its way southward from the ice barrier where the Byrd Expedition has spent the past few months. It is blazing a trail, carefully charting a safe route—as safe as any route can



Courtesy N. Y. Times

SOUTHWARD HO

Route along which the Byrd support party has been laying supply depots

be in this wilderness—and setting up depots fifty miles apart for two hundred miles, half the distance to the Queen Maud Mountains, the goal of the geologists, which overlook the polar plain.

These depots, at which dog food is cachéd, are essential in polar exploration. They will enable the geological expedition to start on the last two hundred miles with approximately the same load with which it leaves the base (traveling light is traveling safe in these parts) and insure a continuous supply of provisions for the indispensable dogs. Also, the depots mark a trail for the geologists around and over the most dangerous ice crevasses along the route.

Over glassy plateaus, steep ridges and gulfs, the seasoned men of the supporting party are jogging beside their dog sledges, through a vast, silent country tinted in fantastic colors that an inspired artist might mix, or a crazy artist. They are lashed together, mountain-climber fashion—a precaution against traps. Even the sledges, each drawn by nine dogs, are strongly fastened to one another, so that in case a man or dog crashes through an ice bridge the rest of the party can draw taut. Marker flags will be laid at half-mile intervals, and at each depot a huge snow mound, surmounted by an expedition flag, will be set up. Spaced a quarter of a mile apart for a distance of five miles on each side of the cachés will be flags giving directions to the depots. Everything humanly possible in this God-forgotten land is being done to make the trip of the geological party a success.

▸▸*Tariff Making*

How INTIMIDATION may affect tariff making was revealed when Frederick L. Koch, ceramics expert for the Tariff Commission, testified before the Senate lobby committee. Mr. Koch's removal was sought when his position on rates displeased the pottery industry. Although William Burgess, former Tariff Commissioner, now spokesman for the pottery, greeting card, and other industries, denied urging Koch's removal, evidence disclosed that a manufacturer had written to President Hoover complaining that Koch was unfit because he was the friend of an importer. Koch was allowed to stay; his predecessor, Carl Langenbeck, was not so lucky. Langenbeck testified that he had been asked to resign after reporting that in certain fields American pottery manufacturers could not hope to compete with the Japanese.

Inquiry into the sugar lobby indicated that efforts to sweeten public and Congressional opinion had cost the Beet Sugar Association something like $500,000 in eight years. Active before Congressional committees, the Association also releases to the press statements of prominent persons who favor stilts for sugar rates. It does not always bother to issue denials when the statements are repudiated.

These strivings seem clumsy when

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compared with business-like methods of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association. That up-and-coming group goes straight to headquarters by lending a representative to one of the authors of the Senate bill, who makes him a secretary, puts him on the Government payroll, and takes him into secret committee meetings. Pleading ignorance of tariff matters—strange plea to come from an author of the bill—Senator Bingham admitted that he may have made a "mistake." Secretary-Lobbyist Eyanson, in turn, admits that he accepted his salary from the manufacturers while serving his country. The threat to have the law on him for taking double pay may come to nothing, but neither he nor his sponsors can put a fair ethical face on this incident.

Not that it made much practical difference. If Senator Bingham had not taken the manufacturers' dictation in Washington he might have had to make week-end trips to Hartford and take it there. He was merely striving to give the commercial interests of his State what they wanted. The other Senators know how that is. They do it too.

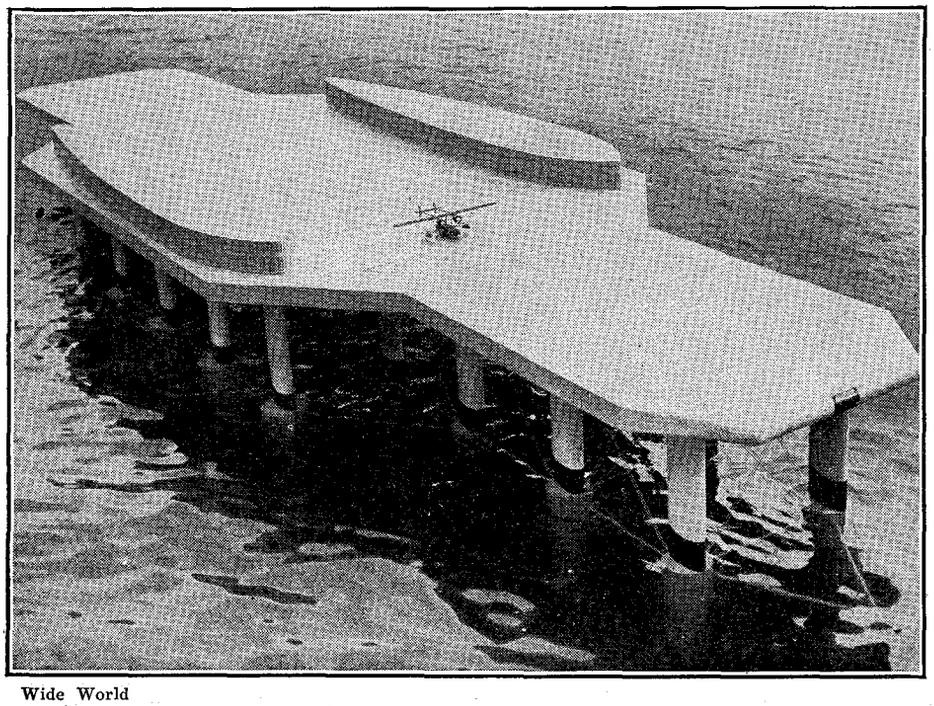
▸▸*Airports at Sea*

THE ARMSTRONG SEADROME is intended to make a trip abroad a simple matter of flying in nine huge scallops from New York to Plymouth, England. On the Choptank River, off the coast of Cambridge, Maryland, Edward R. Armstrong recently supervised the launching of his 35-foot model—a platform supported by 21 steel stilts, themselves supported by hollow cylinders which, when submerged, float the super-structure. During the next few weeks, the model will be carefully observed. The manner in which it behaves in these choppy waters should indicate how the full-sized seadrome, now under construction, will conduct itself at sea.

If all goes well, this first seadrome will be towed to anchorage above the high ocean floor midway between New York and Bermuda in time for next winter's tourist season. It will stand 80 feet above the water and 172 feet below; on its runway, 1100 feet long and 200 wide, will be a hotel, hangars, storage space, and a weather bureau. Tourists will stop for lunch, and, if the weather bureau reports are satisfactory, hop off again. If there are storms ahead, the passengers will put up at the hotel and await fair weather. Eventually eight of these floating airports may be stationed, 400 miles apart, between New York and England. Planes will make the trans-atlantic trip in about 30 hours.

You don't believe it? Mr. Armstrong does. How will a seadrome withstand storms? Well, wave motion is felt only a limited distance below the surface, and the airport, with its ballast tanks secure 172 feet down, will remain steady. The highest wave reported in the North Atlantic, Mr. Armstrong says, is under 30 feet; his seadrome deck is 80 feet above sea level. How will pilots find the landing place in stormy weather? By the radio beam system recently used successfully by Lieutenant Doolittle in a blind flying test.

No use being incredible; it will all come true, probably, if not tomorrow, then the day after. One might just as well stop questioning and climb into flying clothes. And, remembering Mark Twain, if you think such and such a problem unsolvable, wait a minute.



Wide World

SEADROME

The 35-foot, 2200-pound experimental model of an ocean landing field

▸▸*Before the Conference*

FRANCE, ITALY, AND JAPAN accept with pleasure the kind British invitation to sit around a London conference table next January. They are, as the French note puts it, "extremely happy" over the Anglo-American naval agreement. They long to eliminate "the losses and dangers of excessive armaments," as the Italian note puts it. They are also anxious that most of the work of the conference be done before the conference itself convenes. As the Japanese note puts it, success "no doubt depends in a large measure upon the satisfactory issue of such preliminary discussions."

Politely but firmly the French reply insists that the contemplated five-power naval disarmament treaty must not stand by itself but merely supplement the land, sea, and air disarmament program of the League of Nations in which France and her allies occupy a commanding position. How far France is prepared to push this point remains to be seen. Difficulties may arise if she suggests that the treaty not be binding unless accepted by the League.

What positions France, Italy, and Japan will take at the conference may not be clear, even to themselves, for some time. France will certainly oppose abolishing the submarine, fist of the poor nation's fighting fleet. She may, however, volunteer, to England's cold comfort, to build nothing bigger than 600 ton submarines, too small to cross the Atlantic but plenty big enough to cross the Channel. She may also reject the Italian plea for parity, arguing that she must defend herself in two oceans, while Italy can confine her forces to the Mediterranean.

On many issues Italy and France may stand together. In 1928 Italy endorsed the French plan of limitati[illegible] according to total tonnage—with [illegible] nation otherwise free to build[illegible]

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liked—which contrasts with the Anglo-American plan of limitation according to categories. Rome also supported the French opinion that little was to be gained by a naval agreement alone, since land, sea, and air armaments, interdependent, should be reduced simultaneously. Franco-Italian conversations will be held on these matters before the delegates meet in London.

Japan, desiring naval reduction as well as limitation, is expected to agree to anything the conference decides, though she may strive for all the cruisers she can get.

Plainly, the three months before the conference will be needed to reconcile clashing interests. However, if an agreement was possible between Britain and the United States, a five-power agreement should not be out of the question.

▶▶Germany's "Liberty Law"

SHOULD GERMANY PASS its so-called liberty law it would create as pretty a kettle of fish as Europe has seen since the War. Under the initiative and referendum provisions of the Weimar Constitution the signatures of a tenth of Germany's 40,000,000 voters will place a bill before the Reichstag for action. If the legislative body rejects it, the vote of half the electorate will then write it into the law over the Reichstag's head.

Taking advantage of this, Alfred Hugenberg's Nationalists, Adolph Hitler's Fascists, and the Steel Helmets, or League of War Veterans, are sponsoring a measure designed to prevent the "moral and economic enslavement of the German people." The bill would repudiate clauses of the Versailles Treaty fixing war guilt on Germany, scuttle the Young reparations plan, and clap officers who pledge Germany to new reparations payments into jail. This last provision has aroused the ire of President von Hindenburg.

Ballyhooing with might and main, Nationalist leaders have been striving to send 4,000,000 citizens to the polls during the two weeks of balloting. Since about a tenth of the electorate voted Nationalist last year, they have been confident of getting their bill before the Reichstag. If that body turns it down they hope that 20,000,000 voters will write it into the statute [illegible]ks. On their side of the fence is [illegible]act that all Germans deplore the charge of war guilt, which the Nationalists shrewdly condemn along with the Young plan.

Here they have frightened the Republicans, and set them blazing away with their heaviest guns. Suppose such a bill passes, the Republicans say; what then? The Young plan goes down the chute, but up comes the Dawes plan, with its larger payments. Evacuation of the Rhineland ceases; back march the troops, to stay indefinitely. The edifice painstakingly erected by the late Dr. Stresemann tumbles in a heap. The world turns in anger upon a Germany which has interrupted its post-war convalescence. The hands on the clock of Europe spin back ten years.

These are common-sense arguments. They should convince any one open to conviction.

Remarkable Remarks

It has been my observation in life that if one will only exercise the patience to wait his wants are likely to be filled—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Never have I seen a beautiful woman.—DAVID WARK GRIFFITH.

Prohibition is not a question; it is an answer. It is the best answer to the liquor problem.—F. SCOTT MCBRIDE.

The majority of human beings still are interested in the fact that when the time comes they can die in peace and start again.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Education has been a bad influence.—BRUCE BARTON.

You can't be both a liar and a successful salesman. — WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR.

The New Yorker cares too much for results to care very much by whom or how they are accomplished. —LILLIAN SYMES.

What the drama needs are men and women of some romantic warmth and beauty and not these common, swearing, wise cracking, bawdy rats that today clutter up its stage.—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

Dramatic criticism is, has been and eternally will be as bad as it possibly can.—BERNARD SHAW.

The aggressively intellectual girl is another whose presence leaves me cold.—RUDY VALLEE.

▶▶Against Injunctions

MORE, MUCH MORE, will be heard of the anti-injunction measure drafted by Senators Norris, Blaine, and Walsh of Montana and approved at the Toronto convention of the American Federation of Labor. The bill represents Labor's attempt to end its forty-year struggle with the law by changing the law. It would revolutionize the position of Labor in industrial disputes, placing it on more commanding ground than it has ever occupied before.

The tone is set in the preamble. "Unorganized workers," it says, "are commonly helpless." Therefore they must have full freedom to organize for the purpose of collective bargaining or mutual aid. Thereupon it lists many "Thou shalt nots" which Federal courts may not disregard when asked by employers to issue injunctions restraining Labor from doing this, that, or the other thing. Acts no longer to be subject to injunction are ceasing work, becoming a member of any labor organization, paying strike benefits, publicizing the facts of a dispute, assembling to organize, and refusing to handle materials produced by non-union workers.

No labor organization shall be held responsible for a member's acts without proof that it authorized such acts. "Yellow dog" contracts, binding employees not to join labor organizations on pain of dismissal, are outlawed.

The life of a temporary injunction is five days. It may be obtained only by producing adequate testimony under oath and by posting a bond to recompense the person restrained by court order if the injunction is not made permanent. Applicants for permanent injunctions will receive short shrift unless they have made reasonable efforts to settle the dispute in question. Once heard, they will still be turned down unless trial has established that unlawful acts have been committed and will be continued, that substantial injury to property will follow, that there is no other remedy at law, and that public officers are unable to furnish protection. Contempt of court cases arising from violations of injunctions will be heard, not by judges, but by juries. Finally, the bill voids all Federal court orders conflicting with its provisions, meaning just about all standing injunctions.

Employers will not sit idly by and see this bill approved in the next session of Congress. That it will be fought and revised may be taken for granted. It

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will have to be ripped apart pretty thoroughly, however, if it is not to be a boon to organized labor.

▶▶*In Brief*

A PECULIAR AUTUMN, this, what with the Princess line bidding seriously against the Princeton line for popular attention. . . . For a sentence full of sharp surprises take this one in the New York *World*: "The return of the corset was feared by another passenger, Captain E. H. Molyneux, who served with distinction in the British Army during the War and is now one of the leading dress designers of Paris." . . . October 15—18—dull days for Mr. Hoover. Appointed only two committees. . . . That Senators will view the tariff bill in its national aspects "and repress their desires to obtain benefits only for their sections" is, says Senator Watson, "earnestly hoped and desired." Earnestly, and a bit absurdly. . . . The Department of Justice revelation that prohibition cases made up 51.3 per cent of all civil and criminal cases brought by the Government during the fiscal year 1929 puts a firecracker under the well-worn assertion that the prohibition law is just a law, like any other. . . . It is a matter for pride, declares a report submitted to the American Bar Association, that all the scandal growing out of Government oil leases was confined to bureaucrats, and not a breath of it touched an elected officer. True, true, and what was the name of that book—*The Bureaucrat's Daughter?*

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HOW LOW HAVE the righteous fallen! When a United States Senator who once took orders from a Klansman subsequently convicted of a particularly revolting murder, can accuse such a radiant figure as Professor, Archæologist, Aviator and Explorer Hiram Bingham of Connecticut of "falsification of public records," and thereby stir press and public to applause, we have come upon sad times and even sadder Senators.

We think it a serious mistake, however, to waste much indignation upon poor Hiram, although it has been coming to him since his first address in the Senate. Since few who listened to him had won honor as scholars, penetrated any jungles other than their own political districts or succeeded in mastering decent grammar, the self-advertised paragon from the Nutmeg State immediately seized for himself a colossal pedestal of unpopularity. To this spirit of animosity, however, and to the general opinion that he was merely another nutmeg Senator, Mr. Bingham has been quite insensible, unless it be that the universal rejoicing at his recent discomfiture has disillusioned him. We doubt it.

In our opinion, it is unfortunate that the lobby and disarmament investigations should so soon have uncovered such headline grotesqueries as Messrs. Bingham and Shearer have provided. We fear the two men's antics on and off the witness stand may suggest to public and probers that there is no need for further prying into the machinations of the shipbuilders, the lobbyists and other hidden interests. We happen to know that this is an erroneous conclusion.

Shearer and Bingham, by their bungling, have given away their masters' game, but other servants far more astute are always available. Bingham is by no means the worst of the lot; he is merely the most inept. Did not Senator Smoot of Utah, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee assent to the secret scheme of permitting a paid employee of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association to attend the Committee's executive sessions, fix rates affecting Connecticut manufacturers and draw a government salary as Bingham's clerk! Even more brazen than Bingham, who had the delicacy to resort to subterfuge, did not Smoot, spokesman for the $500,000 sugar lobby, deliver a Senate speech attacking the propaganda of "reach for a Lucky instead of a Sweet." Nor have we heard such Old Guard members as Reed, Watson, Shortridge and Edge utter condemnation of Bingham, except, perhaps, to regret his arch-asininity.

It has been, of course, a comparatively easy task to sever and shame the mystic relationship existing between Bingham and E. Kent Hubbard, president of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association. But we doubt if the committee will dare to discredit the Congressional allies of Joe Grundy of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association and James A. Emery of the New England Manufacturers' Association. For years these two eminently successful lobbyists have pulled the strings to which Congressional delegations have danced quite as prettily as Bingham pirouetted for his industrial and political bosses. Grundy, Emery and Kent do not furnish the real problem, however. It is the members of Congress who respond with the eagerness and shamelessness of a Bingham to the suggestions of the Grundys, Emerys and Kents—the lobbied rather than the lobbyists. To cure this evil the investigating committee must investigate House and Senate from the Binghams up. It must scrutinize the activities of former members of the Cabinet, of Congress, of State Legislatures, of the bench. We have not the figures at hand, but we know that within the last few years, since the representative system was supplanted by group government, scores of officials have suddenly quit public life. "To practice law" was the official reason for their retirement, but "to practice lobbying" was more often the true one. Let the committee, for instance, summon such distinguished "exes" as C. Bascom Slemp, Everett Sanders, William G. McAdoo, Ted Clark, Jimmie Reynolds, Frank Mondell, Phil Campbell and Irvine Lenroot, to mention only a few of the most omnipresent and successful.

—A. F.

From the Detroit News.

Without one, we wouldn't have the other

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Changing Ideas in Research

An Editorial by Vernon Kellogg

RESEARCH is nowadays a much used and a much abused word. It is used to refer to the profound and exact work in fundamental natural science being carried on by such men as Michelson, Millikan, and Compton, American Nobel Prize winners. It is used in connection with the less exact work—necessarily less exact, in the nature of things—of the students of the social sciences and the humanities. It is used to describe the feverish activities of the large and rapidly increasing number of workers in the various fields of industrial science. Finally, it is used to give dignity and an air of scientific exactitude to all sorts of compilation and summarizing of data concerning art, letters, trade, and anything else, being carried on by men and women of all degrees of competency and incompetency. Altogether, research is very much in the air nowadays, very much the thing. Too much, perhaps.

When university professors refer in conversation or correspondence to "my work" they are not referring, unless specifically noted, to their teaching and administrative duties but to some investigative study, some piece of "original research." And that professor who has no "original research" under way finds his increases in salary small and infrequent. It is needless to say that forced research adds little to the sum of human knowledge. Especially is this true when this forced research is carried on by men not endowed with research capacity—and there are such professors.

But a great deal of valuable research work is going on in the universities. Indeed, it is in the universities that by far the greater part of our research work in fundamental or "pure" science is being done. And they are to be credited largely with our steady advance in knowledge of the fundamental facts and principles of nature. We have a few first-class research institutes not associated with universities, such as the Carnegie Institution of Washington, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research, and others. These are richly equipped both materially and in personnel, and devote their entire activity to research, but their total output falls far below, in amount, that of the universities.

The universities do a good deal, also, in their schools of engineering, agriculture, medicine, and other technical departments, in the way of research in the fields of applied science. But as regards that part of applied science which may be called industrial science, comprising the myriad applications of scientific knowledge to industry, the output of outside laboratories probably totals more than that from universities and schools of technology. There are in this country now more than one thousand industrial research laboratories maintained by commercial industrial concerns. Some are small, staffed by but three or four workers; but [redacted], like those maintained by [redacted] American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the General Electric Company, the Du Pont Company, and others, are enormous, involving the continuous working of hundreds of trained investigators and the annual expenditure of millions of dollars. And the work in all these laboratories is coördinated and organized, a method which is now being more and more used in pure research.

The future of scientific research in America will probably determine the future of American industry and business. As Permanent Secretary of the National Research Council in Washington, Dr. Kellogg is in a strategic position to observe activities in this field. His estimate of the tendency to give increasing practical support to work in pure science — the pursuit of knowledge primarily for its own sake— has therefore special interest and value

The distinction between pure research and applied research is more hypothetical than actual. The difference is one principally of motive rather than of method or even of outcome. Research in applied science is animated by the need or desire to find out something immediately useful; it is essentially utilitarian in origin and aim. The motive is that of the inventor. This is usually not true of research in pure science. The workers in pure science are urged on by an intensive scientific curiosity. They want to know why and how the wheels of nature and man go round. The possible usefulness of the results of their research has little place either in initiating or aiming their investigations. Yet it is a fact that in the long run practically all scientific knowledge gets used for the benefit of mankind. And this is as it should be.

Applied science rests on pure science. The whole of the modern electrical industry, in which six million people are employed directly or indirectly in the United States alone, rests on the basis of Faraday's pure research discovery of electromagnetic induction. The marvelous development of the chemical industries, which are now producing synthetically from coal tar distillate most of the dye-stuffs, antiseptics, high explosives, perfumes, flavors, and medicinals of commerce, became possible only after many years of painstaking pure science research had established the molecular theory of the structure of carbon compounds. The discovery of X-rays, which have made possible new methods of surgery and treatment of internal and external diseases, was the outcome of a sequence of pure science researches on electric discharge in gases. The great industry of paper manufacture from wood-pulp arose from Reaumur's studies of the social wasps which construct their papery nests of materials produced by the mastication of bits of wood and other vegetable substances. Helium, discovered in the sun by Lockyer in 1868, and extracted by Ramsay from cleveite in 1896 as a direct result of the knowledge of its spectrum, has greatly added to our knowledge of the constitution of matter and provided a non-explosive substitute for the hydrogen previously used to inflate airships. The modern methods used in the art of plant and animal breeding and development are based upon the results of the experiments in pure science of Mendel, the Augustinian monk. The germ theory of Pasteur, resulting in aseptic surgery and the preparation of serums which have saved millions of lives was the direct outcome of Pasteur's

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What Makes You Buy?

By DARWIN L. TEILHET

The harassed writer of advertising copy, having exhausted all the old arguments, is tempted these days, for the sake of "something new," to give the product another quality. Thus, the buyer is urged to use a certain tooth paste because it makes a smoke taste better. Mr. Teilhet, copy writer in a large agency, believes that this practice is unsound; that it wastes money and undermines public belief in all advertising

DO YOU BUY cigarettes to steady your nerves, or do you buy them for the enjoyment you receive from smoking mellow, carefully cured tobacco? Do you smoke cigarettes to curb a natural hunger when you feel like reaching for food, or do you smoke simply because you feel like smoking? You as a reader will soon have to decide just what you want when you buy. If you want medicinal cigarettes you'll get them. If you continue to buy merchandise dressed up in trick appeals then you must not complain if it fails to satisfy in its original function.

This stunt of hitting upon an unimportant feature of an article and playing it up until it overtops the important questions of durability, intrinsic merit and value and honesty of manufacture has stimulated the sales of many a product.

"He wonders why he never arrives. Dejected! Blue! Always seemed to almost get there, but never connected. Success just failing to arrive—never attracts any girl friends—he hasn't any SOX appeal!"

This interesting psychological explanation of failure manifestations in the male anthropoid, recently disclosed to an eager public by a garter and hose-supporter manufacturer, is an excellent example of the new technic pulling at current advertising practice.

Undoubtedly the discomfort of having hideous bits of rubber and metal bite into your peroneus longus every time you took a step contributed to their abolition by the more impetuous younger generation and was therefore directly responsible for the present (and successful) attempt to force the return of the garter habit by insinuating that their presence or absence could make or mar the wearer's chances for a successful commercial and sexual career.

The amount spent by the manufacturer on one insertion of this example of modern scientific merchandising would pay a year's salary to a competent physicist and chemist and allow them to develop a sanitary and satisfactory garter that could be accepted without complaint, for with such a simple contraption it seems that any one with a working knowledge of muscular structure, anatomy, and something of mathematics, should be able to calculate the stress from the sock and devise a comfortable method of preventing them from flapping around your ankles.

The main value of any kind of advertising is that it brings the product of the manufacturer to your attention, and the manufacturer can only judge the efficiency of his advertising by the sales. The advertising writer has no mysterious power to improve the quality of the merchandise. Ethical advertising agencies are at a decided disadvantage if you are attracted by anything wrapped up in a cloak of sweet words. Open any magazine or newspaper and you will discover that this new technic is spreading. A manufacturer selling a twenty-five cent tube of tooth paste exhorts the public in page advertisements costing more than $12,000 a week to buy his tooth paste because they can save enough to buy an alarm clock; the efficiency of his article is passed off with a few airy sentences at the end, which mean nothing to the careful reader. Some of us still hold to the old-fashioned idea that tooth paste is made to clean teeth.

Chewing gum was formerly chewed because it was supposed to give a certain aesthetic enjoyment to the chewer. A company compounding chewing gum regularly takes quarter pages to announce that their gum should be chewed because it keeps your teeth pearly white. According to my doctor a wad of chicle containing the necessary grit or chalk to polish teeth could hardly do the chewer's stomach any great and lasting benefit.

Sex appeal is put into dandruff cures with the announcement that popular debutantes will scorn your advances unless this hair scurf is absent from your glossy mane.

"Look at your gums. They ought to be firm and healthfully pink." It sounds like the beginning of a medical advertisement for the mouth; but it is actually the line of attack of a popular breakfast food investing the product with the miraculous powers of curing and preventing oral troubles. Wouldn't you rather eat breakfast because it nourished you and tasted good?

Another tooth paste, containing an abrasive substance guarantees to ren[illegible]

Life Insurance advertisement which appeared in Harper's Weekly, 1872

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the yellow film from your teeth. Most dentists will tell you a tooth paste is efficient if it can keep your teeth fairly clean from food particles. Such trick properties as removing accumulated tartar make excellent advertising points but they may also take off quite a little more than the tartar from your teeth.

Yeast, formerly an adjunct to the baker, under the new advertising technic has turned into a marvelous medicine.

A college advertises to give you a college degree in two years. It says nothing about the type of work or cultural advantages that are naturally associated with an institution of learning, but confidently announces that if you would succeed in business you must have a college degree.

We are urged to buy davenport beds not because of their utility or comfort over another style of bed, but because they "now move in high society."

A particularly vicious aspect of the "high society" urge is that men and women of our much-vaunted social structure are apparently willing to cash in on their ancestors' good names by endorsing, for a good stiff price, any wares that come along. A sincere testimonial is one of the best and most natural advertisements in the world, but when you learn that there are agencies that have contracted with most of the celebrities and notorious personalities of our day to sell their names as endorsements to any concern that has the hard cash to buy them, you wonder how it is possible to distinguish this organized lip-service from earnest truth.

Mother nature is dragged into oil advertisements to provide a talking point. The paraffin base is stressed by Pennsylvania oils in an advertisement praising nature for her kindness in loading Pennsylvania crude with paraffin and righteously withholding it from barbarian oils. Yet investigators have seemingly proved to their own satisfaction that every vestige of paraffin must be removed from any oil or it will hamper the motor's efficiency, and have concluded that paraffin in oil is a handicap to a refinery because of the added expense to remove it.

Every one knows that "It's the cut of your clothes that counts!" With one sweep, this phrase removed the fortunate company outside the vexatious ring of quality competition and emphasized something new. Wouldn't you normally take for granted that a respectable clothing company could afford to hire tailors competent enough to cut out good clothes. Wouldn't you rather know whether your suit will retain some appearance of wool or will look like a piece of blotting paper at the tag end of the month?

It is becoming increasingly difficult to give mundane articles new values. Formerly it was easier. Sugar could be put in pretty packages, common chemicals were made to appear as extraordinary discoveries, autos were given superlative qualities in each new advertisement, but today all this gold mine is worked out. No longer is it enough to describe the four-cylinder car in words suitable to the latest eight-cylinder importation. The reader-mind is saturated with adjectives.

The copy-writer is harassed by a worried sales manager to dig out "something new." With a mediocre writer old sincere arguments become threadbare with constant use. For year after year he has elaborated upon the ability of tooth paste to clean teeth until he has exhausted every angle. Then, unless he is a brilliant fellow willing to study his work as conscientiously as the doctor or lawyer or the man in any other profession, he reaches the point where there is actually nothing very interesting that can be said about the simple operation of scrubbing your teeth with a mixture of chalk, soap, glycerin and flavoring extract. Like a shyster lawyer or quack doctor, in sheer desperation he gives it another quality. Besides cleaning the teeth it "protects the gums" or "sweetens the breath," and with this burst of genius a new selling point is created. Thus was the beginning of the new technic.

Successful articles *can* be sold on their intrinsic merits. Manufacturers who are proud of their reputations are doing it every day. You will find no incredible superlatives or loose general statements in Ford advertising. It tells you just what you may expect from a Ford car. Yet it is so dramatically sincere that it makes intensely interesting reading. Ivory Bath Soap advertisements make you *want* to buy Ivory Soap. They picture the sheer delight of bathing with this soap without frightening you into washing behind your ears to prevent some unmentionable disease; nor are you urged to use Ivory Soap because it has some new miraculous power of making you socially attractive or commercially successful.

Camel cigarettes advertise the good-

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Great English Remedy,

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

THE TIME HAS COME when Consumption may be classed with the curable diseases. The most fearful malady of our climate has been conquered! The most fatal of all diseases has yielded at last to the skill of man.

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE will speedily and certainly cure Consumption, even in its MOST HOPELESS FORMS, and in all ordinary diseases of the chest and Lungs, it is the most perfect and admirable remedy known to the civilized world.

The Hungarian Balsam was first discovered by Dr. Buchan, of London, England, and has been tested for six years by the most eminent Physicians in Great Britian, and on the continent of Europe, where it has proved the GREAT AND ONLY REMEDY.

It has recently been introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor, and is now literally sweeping Consumption from the land. What Innoculation is to Small Pox, the Hungarian Balsam is to Consumption—an insurmountable barrier!

Chemists, Physicians, Medical Societies, and the great body of consumptive patients, every where, admit that the most important work of the age has been
plished—Consu can be cured.
naceas, E- Syru

This advertisement from a Massachusetts newspaper of 1844 indicates that exaggerated claims are not confined to modern technic alone

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Boston Edison and Stock Splitups

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Shively, the contributor of this page, reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

WHILE that portion of the American public which is interested as investors or speculators in the security markets (variously estimated at from 5,000,000 to 15,000,000 souls) was going about the serious business of enjoying the week end, a seemingly unimportant bit of news found its way into the newspapers. It was announced that the Massachusetts Department of Public Utilities had refused its approval of the plan of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston to "split" its stock. Yet when the markets opened on the following Monday, the stock in question broke more than 60 points. The decline went further during the remainder of the week and selling spread to nearly every public utility stock.

Public utility shares, largely under the influence of buying by investment trusts, trading corporations and holding companies had become tainted with inflation. Doubtless the Boston affair merely precipitated a liquidating movement which was inevitable in any event. Yet the episode throws into relief the fact that the investing public generally takes a different view of the matter of stock "splitups" than the orthodox one of the economists. Even a cursory examination of stock market movements will show the same thing to be true of stock dividends.

At the outset the difference between a stock dividend and a stock splitup should be clearly understood. Both increase the number of shares outstanding and held by the individual owners without in any way adding to the assets of the company. A stock dividend, however, if it be properly declared, is the issue of a stock certificate to represent surplus added through earnings to the capital account. It serves to maintain the old asset value of each share, instead of allowing that asset value to increase as earnings are reinvested in the business after the original capital has been subscribed.

Take, for instance, a corporation with $50,000,000 of capital stock outstanding. If through ploughing earnings back into the business in the course of time $50,000,000 have been added, represented by more or improved factories, equipment or cash or securities on hand, the corporation is said to have a surplus in that amount. If in the beginning each share of stock was backed by assets of $100 of property value, each share now has an asset value of $200. The company could, therefore, pay a stock dividend of 100 per cent and leave the asset value as it was in the beginning. Theoretically, the market price per share would be cut in half and the shareholder, instead of having one piece of paper worth $200 would be possessed of two pieces of paper worth $100 each. He would have no more nor less than his old percentage of the assets and equity in the earnings.

A stock splitup involves change in par value of stock and the substitution of a larger number of shares for a smaller without regard to surplus. It is easier to understand than the stock dividend, because it is plainly and frankly a device for giving a shareholder two or more pieces of paper for one formerly held in order to bring down the market price of each share. In theory again the total market value of the increased shares will be no different from the total value of the old shares. Yet the public has come to place a value on stock dividends and stock splitups, and for good reasons. The danger lies in the public's overvaluing them because of insufficient knowledge of what lies behind them in each particular case.

Boston Edison attempted to split its stock by changing the par value from $100 a share to $25 a share and exchanging four of the new shares for one of the old. There would appear to be nothing reprehensible in that nor any reason why the stock should be either bought or sold because of such a splitup or the lack of one. But two niggers may be found in the splitup woodpile. One is that, by bringing down the market price per share a more widespread demand for the security will develop. It is well known that the small investor wishes to buy as many shares as possible with his money and that the trader prefers to deal in 100-share lots, which he can buy and sell at somewhat more favorable prices than he can the so-called "odd lots." Also price fluctuations are smaller the lower the price of the share, other things being equal. Boston Edison had risen to well over $400 a share, a price quite beyond the "popular" figure.

The other less obvious factor is that cash dividends may be increased without the company facing the accusation of paying excessive amounts to shareholders. That is particularly important with such regulated corporations as public utilities and railroads, which continually face a clamor for lower rates. There is, of course, no real difference in paying a $20-a-share dividend on one share and paying a $5 dividend on four shares, but a large part of the public doesn't look into the matter that deeply. Investors, on the other hand, jump to the conclusion that a splitup is merely the forerunner to increased dividends, as it usually is.

Close on the heels of the Boston Edison affair has come the decision of the board of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway to change the par value of the road's stock, also from $100 to $25 a share, and to exchange stock on a four-for-one basis. The proposal will need be approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Only sixteen railroads have stock of less than $100 par value, ten being $50 par value and the others no par value.

Stock of no par value or of less than $100 par value will open the way for many railroads for selling common stock to raise additional capital. For the stronger roads with stock selling high in the market, splitups will mean wider distribution of the shares and the opportunity to increase cash dividends without so much danger of criticism from shippers demanding lower freight rates.

So far this year the broad advance in share prices has been largely responsible for some fifty stock splitups in stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Nearly every group of industrial stocks is included. Utility splitups have been rare, but that was because the utilities have found it necessary continually to increase their stock by sales of additional shares to raise more capital. Perhaps an era of railroad stock splitups is opening up.

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Socrates and Football

By JOHN R. TUNIS

SOCRATES: Ah, Demetrius, thrice welcome. But what brings thee to my presence with this mournful countenance?

Demetrius: Hast thou not heard, Master? The annual contest of Harpastoun between the Lyceums of Athens and Sparta has just been played. Alas, Sparta was triumphant, 12 goals to 7.

Socrates: And for this thou grievest, O my pupil?

Demetrius: For this, and more, Master. Though I confess to a feeling of disappointment that my former Lyceum did not more justly uphold its honor upon the field of sport against the Lacedæmonians, I realize, of course, that after all, Harpastoun is but a game.

Socrates: And yet thou mournest still?

Demetrius: Many things, Master, trouble me. Hast thou seen a game of Harpastoun of late?

Socrates: Nay, not for many a season. Harpastoun is no more what it was when I attended the Lyceum. It interests me not.

Demetrius: Precisely, Master. That is now my own feeling. Though, behold, it was but fifteen years since I sat upon the stone benches of the Lyceum at the feet of the greatest teachers in all Athens.

Socrates: And so, for myself, during the past seasons I have been giving my applications for the great contests to Poliarchus, the money-lender. Poliarchus, as you know, is a self-made man. He often tells me that a Lyceum education is of no value except to obtain seats at the Harpastoun games. But wherefore, my pupil, dost thou worry about a mere sport?

Demetrius: Master, full well thou knowest my love of Harpastoun. For twelve seasons was I not All-Athenian counter-forward? And for six thou rememberest I was All-Grecian, named once for especial mention by Alcamenes the historian!

Socrates: I did not myself witness the struggles within those years; but many of my pupils have related how thou plucked the harpastoun from the air in the 222nd Athens-Sparta game and dashed down the field like the horses of Agamemnon.

Demetrius: My pardon, Master, that was in the contest against Thebes in the 118th Panathenian Games.

Socrates: Ah, to be sure, to be sure. But yet, my pupil, thou wearest a dismal look.

Demetrius: Indeed, Master, it is so. Remember then, that this is the first game of Harpastoun I have witnessed in many harvests. For this I returned from foreign and distant lands, crossed mountain ranges on foot, sailed the dangerous seas past those islands where dwell our fiercest enemies, walked parasangs while suffering perils by day and by night to be here in the Capital for this game. And what do I see? What, O My Master, has become of Harpastoun?

Socrates: In sooth, Demetrius, I know not. Is it no more played?

Demetrius: Played, Master, but by whom? By the mentors of the teams, not by the players themselves. Today Harpastoun is no longer a game between the young men of Athens against the young men of the Peloponnesus, it is a battle of wits between Polyclites, the mentor of Athens, and Calamis, the mentor of Sparta. For they it is who direct and govern the teams while in play, they who endorse every move of the men on the field, until verily, Socrates, the players have today less to say about the actual conduct of the game than those figures yonder upon the frieze of the Parthenon. And then. . .

Socrates: There is more?

Demetrius: There is more. For the game of Harpastoun as we know it exists no longer. Of old we seized the harpastoun and either ran with it or kicked it. We used our skill with the foot to extricate us from a dangerous situation. It is true, we often called upon Pallas Athena for help. But we trusted in our good right foot. Today all that is gone. One throws the harpastoun, O Socrates, one throws it from man to man, like unto the silly games of ball played by my wife Clio with her handmaidens. In all this afternoon I witnessed but a single kick. One single kick in the entire game! Harpastoun indeed. No longer is it Harpastoun.

Socrates: In all truth, it has changed as you state.

Demetrius: In many ways. Formerly we had need of but one arbiter, Meon, the Boetian. Today there are as many arbiters as players, all armed with pipes, horns, reeds and Zeus himself knows not what. There was this afternoon upon the field Archidamus and Tolemedes the Milesian and Cimon of Naxos and Ion and Demaratus, all tooting and shrieking and interfering with the play like the fools they are.

Socrates: No wonder, my pupil, you wax indignant.

Demetrius: Nor is that all, my Master. In ancient times the game was played as a game, continuously. This afternoon the tempo was that of a political meeting. Not once; but a hundred times did Archidamus and Tolemedes the Milesian and Cimon of Naxos and Ion and Demaratus all blow upon their horns and reeds and pipes, not once but a hundred times did they assess a penalty, now for this, now for that. Until, O Socrates, even I, Demetrius, with my interest and all my zeal and my intense love for Harpastoun became so weary and so disgusted that I could scarce tolerate the interminable delays and bickerings upon the field.

Socrates: I remember now, there was a special council of the Areopagus called recently to discuss some changes in the rules. . . .

Demetrius: Changes! The rules have become as the maxims of Solon the Law Giver. For if Pericles found the city brick and left it marble; these arbiters and mentors of Harpastoun found a game and are leaving it a debating society. Knowest thou that there are today strict rules against crawling on the field, against leaping in the air, against pulling and hauling, against shoving, pushing and struggling, and against tickling?

Socrates: A rule against tickling?

Demetrius: Yes, even against tickling.

Socrates: In all truth, thou are right, Demetrius. Harpastoun has gone to pieces. But there is still one thing we can do.

Demetrius: What, O my Master, is that?

Socrates: My pupil, we do not need to go to the games.

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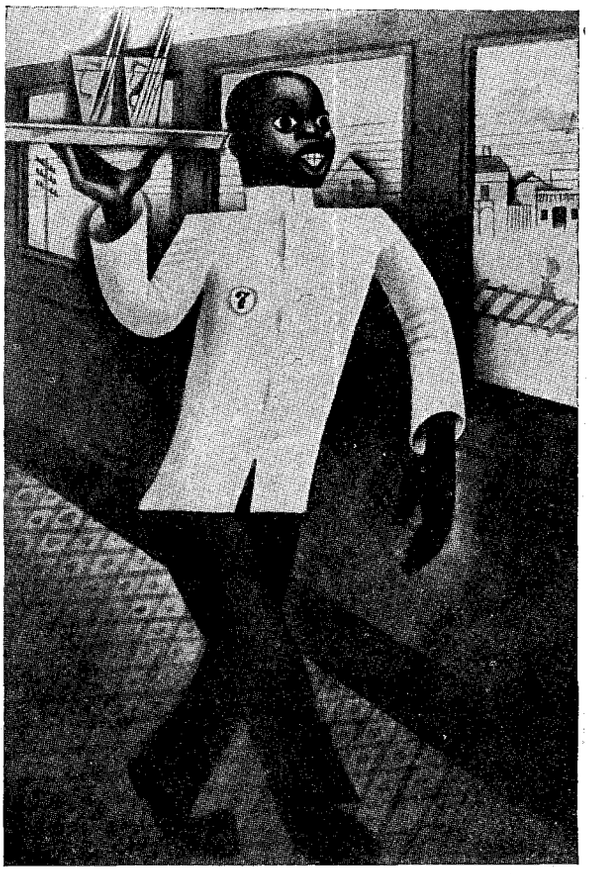
The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

MOST READERS who are of the generation of this reviewer, and solved the world's problems in college in the first decade of this century, will have gone through a period of Ibsenism. That will probably have been succeeded by another in which the social problems with which the Norwegian occupied himself will have seemed dated, and his philosophy too commonly shared to be stimulating. Perhaps since then, like this reviewer, they will have come to see Ibsen rather as a creator of living characters, as a dramatist who has influenced every modern dramatist, than as a social reformer or philosopher. Or they may have forgotten him entirely. In either case, Dr. A. E. Zucker's new biography, *Ibsen, the Master Builder,*[1] will serve to recall a youthful enthusiasm, or to recreate a full human background for a great literary figure. It is an admirable biography, containing much new material and rich in detail. Dwelling especially on the early years which so obviously formed Ibsen's character and directed his genius, Dr. Zucker has emphasized the experiences which embittered the proud youth, made him self-exiled, caused his face to become, in maturity, "a single satiric smile" and enabled Bjornson to say of him, "Ibsen is not a man; he is only a pen." While by no means denigrating his hero's character, Dr. Zucker has played delicately upon the ironic themes which were repeated from time to time in the great Ibsen symphony: the very human vanity of the man who wrote revolutionary social dramas, and wangled for decorations so successfully that he could go about dressed like a Christmas tree; the personal cowardice of the poet who celebrated his country's heroes, but dared not be a soldier and ran away from his sweetheart's angry father. Since Ibsen there has been no great international literary figure. The fame, the adulation which he received wherever he went has not since his death in 1906 been given to any man of letters. This is perhaps because he was the supreme spokesman for his generation, and with his generation, he ended—as a spokesman. An interesting indication of that is given by Dr. Zucker in describing a meeting in the late nineties at which Knut Hamsun, the realist, spoke on Ibsen (Ibsen was present), attacking his "theorizing and symbolical works—the artificial and false theory of art that made a certain thing in the drama represent something other than the reality" and saying that Ibsen "was full of extreme contradictions, having always followed any current of thought popular at the moment." Hamsun spoke, too, for *his* generation. The world was through with Ibsen the spokesman. But it will not be through with Ibsen the dramatist for a good while. His specific ideas are indeed dated. But his basic philosophy was always old and is always new, and the characters which he created grow in greatness with each rereading of his plays. To such a rereading, Dr. Zucker's book sends one. And that is precisely what he hoped it might do.



AH'M APPROACHIN'

Illustration by Covarrubias in Taylor Gordon's story of his life, "Born to Be" (Covici-Friede)

In *The Way of Ecben,*[2] James Branch Cabell, announcing his fifty years, takes a literary farewell of the family of Dom Manuel of Poictesme. The short tale is another delicate fantasy, a variation on Mr. Cabell's old theme of the artist and the search for perfection. And it is followed by a brief valedictory which may, but we trust does not, mean that Mr. Cabell is going from the public eye while the going is good. He too feels that the generation for which he wrote has ceased to be important. It was, as he says, a greatly disillusioned generation and one that offered no panaceas. And, passing the middle of life, it perceives that possibly no panaceas are required, and that the existence which our young people again are trying so hard to improve after all is not so bad. Mr. Cabell's belief has always been a simple one. He sees life as a corridor. You come in at one end and you go out at the other. Furthermore, as you step through the door which closes behind you, Time steps with you, an inexorable and very strong fellow who takes you by the wrist and sets the pace toward the door which is opening ahead even as the one closes behind. But the corridor is lined with alcoves, various, and the wise or the fortunate man slips out of Time's grasp, albeit of necessity keeping step with him, and is in and out of alcoves all the way; by which behavior he neither lengthens nor shortens the journey nor in any way escapes making it, but does keep his eyes off the opening door ahead until he is out of the last alcove and through it in a wink of Ettarre's eye. And the finest of the alcoves, and the largest, and the one,

1. Henry Holt and Co. $3.50.
2. Robert M. McBride and Co. $2.50.

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indeed, which runs in galleries and loggias and porticos all along the corridor is the alcove called "art." Mr. Cabell has found it good, and still does, and long may he. For, as he says, "this sybarite" (the artist in letters) "spoils paper . . . . for his own diversion: he knows that the artist, lucky above all men, and alone of human beings, is sometimes, if only for a season, praised and even paid sound money, for diverting himself; and he knows, too, that to the artist, when the applause lessens and the autograph hunters depart, there still remains the chance—granted to him alone of human beings—to continue to divert himself in precisely the way which he most prefers."

Masefield has already made more than one readable, even delightful novel out of flimsy material. But in *The Hawbucks*[3] what he has had to work with has not been sufficiently inspiring, and, for all its sympathetic descriptions of English country life and of fox-hunting and its wonderfully natural dialogue, the novel is pretty dull. It concerns George Childrey, second son in a county family, inheriting the estate through the death of his older brother in the hunting field, brought home from seven years' foreign wandering to take up his duties. They consist largely in falling in love with the local belle, a young woman besieged by suitors of all types. George is unsuccessful, the lady preferring his younger brother, an unpleasant fellow, and after trying to break his neck hunting, takes in her stead, so the last line of the book tells us, her illegitimate half-sister. The plot is complicated only by a series of false starts; things seem about to happen, but never do. Upon this thin fabric are embroidered in graceful sprays of Mr. Masefield's charming prose his philosophical reflections, affectionate tolerance for the muddled ways of humanity, and, above all, love of good horseflesh and the English country-side.

Although it should not be used as a primer of Medieval life, art and thought, readers with some previous knowledge of the subject will find Sacheverell Sitwell's *The Gothick North*[4] an enriching and enchanting book. Mr. Sitwell, whom one may describe as a Twentieth Century decadent without saying something he has not heard before (see his foot-note on page 308), has written previously of the Baroque [illegible]uth. He says that he never really loved those "cheap things down there, in effect like popular tunes." But he is not quite off with the old interest before being on with the new, for he has chosen his Gothick (he prefers that spelling as being less hackneyed) at the time when "the whole of that great movement tilted over," the time of its decadence but also of its most intimate charm. Leaving the castles and cathedrals of the "heroic-epical" period to the more profound or the more stalwart, he has chosen for his inspiration the tapestries, the missals, the hour-books, the heraldic cosmos of the Fifteenth and early Sixteen Centuries; and he has woven about them an imaginative narrative, a scholarly essay, a poem which combines medieval florescence with a contemporary and often forced stridency. The brief reading, the even briefer reviewing which is permitted here cannot do justice to the varied aspects of the book. It recreates an epoch. It contains trenchant art criticism and spontaneous social criticism. While lovers of the Middle Ages, those who, like this reviewer, "cannot live altogether in their own orbit without having a picturesque background that they can dip into whenever they feel weak," will rejoice in the strong sense of the past which animates Mr. Sitwell's work, the reader interested largely in style will turn from page to page of *The Gothick North* finding examples of an interesting prose. On one page, for instance, one finds this sentence which refers to Spain, "— and the expansion of the house of Hapsburg into a world power, coinciding with the expiring Gothick, ensured the most complicated of effects for this really high and bare table land with little to recommend it save a kind of cloudy patrimony over alien lands." And on another, "Whole days could be spent between these two divinities, watching their maturity come to them and seeing their daily changes down to the night that at this time of harvest-moon was a mocked and burlesqued day with the sun aped in his duties by the barley-god who could ill-conceal her pregnancy in that fiery armour." Such lines, if read aloud, will disclose most of the qualities, good and bad, which make the Sitwell prose so typical that it may well survive as a specimen of Twentieth Century preciosity. Just as *The Gothick North* may survive as a lovely monument to a period too rarely celebrated.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Other interesting books published this week which have been received too late for review are Sheldon Cheney's *The Theatre*,[5] a thoroughly readable, well documented and beautifully illustrated history of man's whole adventure in the theatre, covering three thousand years of drama, acting and stagecraft; *The Letters of Thomas Sergeant Perry*,[6] a selection made by Edwin Arlington Robinson from the correspondence of Thomas Sergeant Perry, who represented in his later years almost the last of Old Boston, a man of great culture, wide acquaintance, and youthful spirit; *To the People We Like*,[7] a toast and a bouquet by Frances Lester Warner, whose

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Marie Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

The Methodist Faun, by Anne Parrish: Harper's. A mildly ironic tale of a misplaced romantic. Reviewed Oct. 9.

Roper's Row, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. A mechanical, sentimentalized tale of virtue rewarded as illustrated by the life of a medical genius. Reviewed August 7.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War.

The Field of Honor, by Donn Byrne: Century. A romantic account of the conflict between British gold and Napoleonic genius, written in picturesque prose. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Queen Elizabeth, by Katherine Anthony: Knopf. This admirable study of the Virgin Queen will sustain the renewed interest of readers in the Tudor period. Reviewed Oct. 9.

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, by David Loth: Brentano's. Clever rather than scholarly, this chronicle of a gorgeous period is nevertheless vivid and of absorbing interest.

The Art of Thinking, by Ernest Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes wittily of a lost art.

3. Macmillan. $2.50.
4. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. $5.00.
5. Longmans, Green and Co. $10.00.
6. Macmillan. $3.00.
7. Houghton, Mifflin. $1.00.

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charming essays are familiar; *Figures of the Revolution*[8] by Louis Madelin, of which Clémenceau is reported to have said to the author, "You have upset my ideas on the men of the Revolution. They were people like ourselves and were often liable to great errors of judgment;" Mirabeau, Danton, Marat, Robespierre, Dumouriez and the soldiers of the Revolution, Madame Roland and some of its other women take on life in Madelin's capable and gifted hands; *Medical Leaders*[9] by Dr. Samuel Lambert and Dr. George Goodwin, is a series of compact biographical essays dealing with the heroes of medicine from Hippocrates, whose oath is still taken, to Osler; *A Room of One's Own*[10] by Virginia Woolf, in which that greatly gifted lady steps a bit out of her own room and, questioning the conditions necessary for the creation of works of art and the paucity of women artists, decides that women have now their creative lives before them—provided they can find the two keys to freedom—fixed incomes and rooms of their own; and *Stretchers*,[11] Frederick Pottle's true and simple and moving record of ambulance service in the World War, which has appeared serially in The Outlook and Independent.

Behind the Blurbs

A book on psychoanalysis written in lay terms by a leading German disciple of Adler is *Let's Be Normal.*[12] It seems very interesting and readable, but what most concerns us is the title. *Why* be normal? We personally don't want to be. That's the trouble with people nowadays: they're all trying so hard to be normal, to conform to that myth of "normalcy" invented as an after-war catchword, that they never succeed in being themselves. Let's lay off the normalcy and stop following everybody else and get a little individuality into life. We're all normal when we're dead. ☙ ☙ ☙ A new biography which is said to out-thrill with its facts all fiction thrillers will be pub. by Macmillan Nov. 13. Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, the great criminal lawyer. Includes detailed accounts of 40 *causes célèbres.* ☙ ☙ ☙ The title of a recent Holt publication, *The Life of the Cell,* inspired a certain detective story mag. to write for permission to review. Editor evidently under impression book was crime stuff. Which, being a biological treatise, it wasn't. Unless you consider all life essentially criminal. ☙ ☙ ☙ We hope you don't mind our abbreviations. Considering the piles of incoming books, art is particularly long this season; and space is short. And we don't want you to miss anything. ☙ ☙ ☙ The English Book Society has selected *The Lacquer Lady,* by F. Tennyson Jesse, as its December book. 'Twill be

Decoration by J. J. Lankes for "A Victorian Village" by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Farrar and Rinehart)

pub. here in Jan. by Macmillan. ☙ ☙ ☙ A masterpiece of the weird and macabre is *Alraune,*[13] a trans. from the German, and weirder and macabrer are the illustrations which Mahlon Blaine has made for it. If you like the horrible, well done, here it is. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Wild Men of the Wild West*[14] tells the stories of Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok and other much written up bad men, but it also includes a number of picturesque gents who are not quite so familiar: The Harpes, Roaring Mike Fink, Murieta and others. ☙ ☙ ☙ King George V apostrophe s biography by Maj. Kipling will be pub. by Macmillan in Nov. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Shudders*[15] is an excellent collection of just that. We opened at random and read "The Traveling Grave," and then "Rats," and are shuddering uncontrollably as we write. As soon as the fit passes we shall read more. ☙ ☙ ☙ For the benefit of those who came in late, we wish to repeat that it is the effort of this book department to review all books in the issue immediately following the date of publication. For book reviews are as much news as are accounts of current events, and you want to know about the new books when they have just come out—not when they have been read and discussed by every one for six weeks or so. We have been doing this now for nearly a year, and although occasionally a review has been a week or two late, our record is even better than we expected it to be, and we can assure you when you see an important new book in the store windows, you can be certain of finding it reviewed in the next issue of The Outlook and Independent—if it has not already been done. ☙ ☙ ☙ You don't have to be an architect or a city planning expert to be interested in Le Corbusier's plan for a modern city of 3,000,000 pop., as set forth in *The City of Tommorrow.*[16] If you've merely said, "I don't take my car downtown any more—there's no place to park," you are ready to welcome his ideas, revolutionary as they may seem. Admittedly the haphazard development of our cities has resulted in a confusion which increasingly wastes time, money, health and happiness. If you are a city dweller, problems of traffic, housing, congestion and so on touch you pretty closely—and Le Corbusier's solution will interest you. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Vampire in Europe*[17] is continuation of previous book on these awful creatures reviewed some time ago in these cols. Gives many gruesome legends and stories collected all over Europe. Even central Africa, where *lamiae* in form of beautiful women "attract men by lewd deceit, but their victims they cruelly mangle and craunch." Ugh! Isn't that awful? The author believes it all, too, which makes the demons more real, but his admission of any, even the most doubtful evidence to back up his case makes us hope he won't be on the bench if we're ever tried for murder. ☙ ☙ ☙ A few tabloid reviews: Don Marquis' *A Variety of People*[18]—short stories—includes the Old Soak, Tim O'Meara, Squire Purdy, who repented his way out of difficulties, Willie the strong girl and her Herby, "one of those saps to which a verbum ain't sufficient," the glass eater who even at dinner parties could not restrain himself and ate the very pince nez off the guests, and others. Or we should say: et Al. ☙ ☙ ☙ *New York*[19] —story of growth of city, sprawling, fast-growing giant in satisfying whose

8. Translated by Richard Curtis. Macaulay. $3.00.
9. Bobbs Merrill. $5.00.
10. Harcourt, Brace and Co. $2.00.
11. Yale University Press. $3.00.
12. By Fritz Kunkel: Washburn, $3.00.
13. By Hanns Heinz Ewers: Day $5.00.
14. By Edwin L. Sabin: Crowell $2.50.
15. Collected by Cynthia Asquith: Scribners, $2.00.
16. Payson & Clarke. $7.50.
17. By Montague Summers: Dutton. $5.00.
18. Doubleday, Doran. $2.00.
19. By Nat J. Ferber: Covici Friede. $2.50.

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Springfield, Missouri

needs Julius Midas, and other clever, tenement bred Jews, filled pockets with gold. At times almost a catalog of Jewish names. But from its special point of view, fascinating story of growth of metropolis. ☙☙☙ Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Pawnees, Kiowas and Sioux in *Dobe Walls*,[20] story of Indian fighting and trading in fifties on Santa Fe Trail. Shows how ignorance of soldiers ruined trade, antagonized savages, started long wars. Fighting, also love for them as cares for it. ☙☙☙ Collection of *Thirty Tales & Sketches* by R. B. Cunninghame Graham[21] will introduce you to a writer of fine prose unjustly neglected for forty years. Writes of the Pampas, of Morocco. No gentleman's library complete without him. ☙☙☙ In *The Maurizius Case*[22] (Nov. selection of Book League) the "German Balzac" takes apart the machine of human justice and shows us its faults. Also a super-detective story, with 17-year old son of Attorney-General who sentenced Maurizius for murder of wife as the

Illustration by Norman Price from Robert W. Chambers's "The Rogue's Moon" (Appleton)

super-detective. Minds of characters as complex as plot—and as clearly and expertly untangled. You can no more ignore Wassermann than a Genevan can ignore Mont Blanc. ☙☙☙ *Bolivar*[23] (accent on penultimate please): story of great liberator of S. America from Spanish yoke by descendant of one of B's generals. Told somewhat fortissimo, but B. was like that. Won because he never accepted defeat. ☙☙☙ *The Subtle Trail*:[24] Jones, large scale murderer with insufficient pituitary, tracked down and driven to suicide by Galt (good character) whose only motive curiosity. Well written, exciting, unusual.

W. R. Brooks.

20. By Stanley Vestal: Houghton Mifflin. $2.00.
21. Viking Press. $3.00.
22. By Jacob Wassermann: Liveright. $3.00.
23. By T. R. Ybarra: Washburn. $4.00.
24. By Joseph Gollomb: Macmillan. $2.00.

Peace and Imperialism

As Seen in Recent Books

Washington, D. C.

A NEW CONCEPTION of our rôle in the world is slowly dawning on the American mind. A small but already significant group of neo-imperialists is forming in this country and they are applying intellectual jiu-jitsu to that nerve which controls public opinion—the "pocket nerve." Members of this school have refused to be led astray by pre-conceptions or by parrot-cries. "It is," they say, "true that we are imperialists, but let's see whether our imperialism is good or bad for the world, whether it is intentional or natural, and whether anything can be done about it." The conservative writers of this school allowed the radicals a long head start, with Scott Nearing's *The American Empire* and *Dollar Diplomacy*. Now, however, they are catching up. Nicholas Roosevelt's studies of the Philippines and *The Restless Pacific*, Harold Denny's *Dollars for Bullets*, Edgar Ansell Mowrer's *This American World*, the writer's own analysis of *Painless Imperialism* have contributed to the neo-imperialist library. Now another newspaperman has joined in and has brought the subject up to date. This is Hiram Motherwell in *The Imperial Dollar* (Brentano's), and it is notable for two things. Mr. Motherwell has had a long and intimate training in European backgrounds, as Berlin and Rome correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, and yet he avoids the current error of the Europeans in assuming that American imperialism is predatory and political. At the same time, the author is frankly enthusiastic over the prospect of American imperialism, where his predecessors in the field were cautious or apologetic.

The necessity for bringing our imperialism up-to-date is emphasized by the appearance of the *Commerce Yearbook, 1929*, prepared by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce (U. S. Government Printing Office). This is essentially the *fons et origo* of the neo-imperialists. Without the staggering and astronomical statistics of our commercial expansion, study of an imperialism that is admittedly economic would be difficult if not impossible. Given the data, the rest is easy. The task of the neo-imperialists is essentially to dramatize and popularize the data.

The essential thing which the neo-imperialists proclaim is that this is not a policy, to be changed at the whim of government or by shift in Administration, but a process. How long it will continue no one can say. Probably another twenty-five years at the least will elapse before the outrush of American goods and credit is met by equivalent commercial and financial water-levels on the other side of the tariff-locks. In the meantime American industry and capital are operating to remodel the Old World and quite a few people are beginning to realize it. Mr. Motherwell sees no ground for complaint in this Americanization by merchandise. He has the nerve to say that it is a damned good thing.

And so, where a man like Professor Isaac Lippincott of Washington University produces a 650-page trifle on the *Economic Resources and Industries of the World* (Appleton's)—and it is a very useful reference book, too—Mr. Motherwell holds himself down to a scant 300 pages of large type in order to reach the more general reader. *The Imperial Dollar* is worth reading. It is a bit shaky on what it means by imperialism but perfectly definite on the beneficence of the dollar. Mr. Motherwell sees no ground for complaint in the imperialism of the dollar; for he sees that, where nationalism spells war, imperialism must mean peace.

Perhaps the best illustration of this fact is found in M. Raymond Recouly's conversations with *Foch* (Appleton). M. Recouly is a talented Parisian journalist; he has even lectured over here at the Institute of Politics. An intimate of the Marshal, his conversations with that great soldier illustrate the tragic wastefulness of war. Foch was a great man, with a great intellect, and a high character. What a tragedy that the world could find no better use for his genius than in a lifetime of uniforms and warfare! The lesson is the more poignant in that post-War Germany has learned the lesson of peace and, freed of the Junker incubus, has shown itself the only nation on the Continent capable of exploiting the new vein of international pacifism.

(Please Turn to Page 352)

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

GENERALLY SPEAKING, we should prefer some one other than our favorite minister to select for us the plays we ought to see. For, with rare exceptions, a clergyman is not a specialist in entertainment; and of necessity views art from the standpoint of ethics. So that ordinarily speaking, we would as soon follow the church drama league's recommendations on the New York theatre, as we would choose an artist for our guide in theology.

Wherefore we are much cheered to find *Many Waters*—which the advertisements tell us is thus indorsed—a most charming and artistic affair, albeit unquenchably romantic. In fact, it frankly presents the romantic view of existence, particularly as experienced by James and Mabel Barcaldine, a London couple of the middle class, who appear in a theatre producer's office to rent their house, and are requested to give their views on the theatre to the producer and his Michael Arlenesque playwright. In the good old style of the movies, the theatre producer's office fades in the darkness, and the life of James and Mabel is presented to us as they really experienced it.

LOVE is unquenchable, according to their story; and the wages of sin is death; and faithfulness is the highest good of human relationship. Mabel is faithful to James, even through the torturing moments of an almost criminal bankruptcy; through the illicit love affair of their daughter and her subsequent death in childbirth—and James is even more faithful to Mabel. From the moment when they meet unconventionally at the old Earl's Court Exhibition, to the day years later when they recline upon the grass together in St. James Park, they are held by an emotion which never expresses itself in words, but flows like deep water beneath the often absurd posturings of their objective existence.

It could be Elsie Dinsmore's idea of a play. And yet, it isn't. It is both sentimentally touching and romantically attractive, and more than a little humorously whimsical. And for this the presentation is responsible. Indeed, once the banal scene in the theatrical producer's office is over, there appear a series of pictures almost Punch and Judy-like in their puppet-like action; with much of the quality of Alice In Wonderland in the dialogue; and filled with lesser figures done with a sense of caricature almost equal to that of Dickens—a mélange certainly ideally concocted for a company of excellent English actors—and such a company plays it.

Ernest Truex is the only American in the cast, so far as we know. And he brings to the character of James Barcaldine much of that quality of dumb sincerity that made his portrayal of *The Fall Guy* so appealing. In this play, nobody hands him a suitcase of narcotics and leaves him to face the music. Instead, life itself fails to jar him out of his unemotional good humor—mainly because he fails to perceive what it is all about.

IN FACT, a thoroughly enjoyable evening can be had at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. People, who are too sophisticated to allow themselves to care for romantic emotion, will be more than a little amused by the bankruptcy court from Alice In Wonderland, and the registry office from Dickens. Devotees of the sharp, dramatic moment will be rewarded by the moment in the Plaza Club, when Freda Barcaldine the daughter, confesses to another man the results of her illicit love affair, and receives from him a thoroughly idealistic and youthful proposal of marriage.

Throughout it all, it is remarkable how the Victorian story of true love makes its appeal, cutting through all modern explanations of human nature and more sophisticated conceptions of conduct. Under the spell of this play, one is almost inclined to conclude that true love never changes and constitutes the main current of human existence—all else being merely will o' the wisps chased in different generations in different ways, delusions snatched at desperately in the effort to discover the happiness of true love, without being willing to pay the price that must be paid before the true partner can be attracted or the grand emotion experienced.

Possibly, the original Victorians were right after all, and the difficulty was merely with their followers who, in Emerson's phrase, mistook the symbol for the reality. One of the most attractive things about *Many Waters* is that neither the hero nor the heroine ever heard of any of these ideas—much less felt the necessity to express them. James and Mabel Barcaldine simply lived them.

A most attractive play, not the least part of which is the acting of Marda Vanne; you can tell almost any one to go see it.

Along Broadway

WE LIKED:
- Many Waters
- Strictly Dishonorable
- Sweet Adeline
- Bird in Hand
- Journey's End
- Little Show
- Street Scene
- Porgy
- Karl and Anna
- It's a Wise Child

WE FOUND ENTERTAINING:
- Gambling
- Scarlet Pages
- Let Us Be Gay
- Hot Chocolates
- Almanac
- Whoopee
- Sketch Book
- Soldiers and Women
- Follow Thru
- Candle Light

WE CAN'T RECOMMEND:
- Jenny
- Among the Married
- A Hundred Years Old
- Scotland Yard
- Street Singer
- New Moon
- Criminal Code
- Her Friend the King

Peace and Imperialism

(Continued from Page 351)

Elmer Luehr's *The New German Republic* (Minton, Balch) and James W. Angell's *The Recovery of Germany* (Yale Press) alike bear witness to the astounding come-back on the part of the nation which lost the greatest War in modern times. Professor Angell's study is published for The Council on Foreign Relations and is a distinguished, if somewhat colorless, piece of work. He concludes that Germany is well on the road to assured national strength and prosperity. Professor Luehr sees Republican Germany as the bulwark of democracy in Europe.

Germany in the Old World, America in the New: both are pursuing, under vastly different conditions, identical policies, policies of peace and of production. It is no longer Pershing, Foch and Jellicoe against Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Tirpits; it is Henry Ford, high wages and mass-production; it is the National City Bank, J. P. Morgan & Co., Dillon, Read & Co. and Brown Brothers. It is Hugenburg now, as it once was Stinnes, and Dr. Schacht. It is the bank-draft and no longer the machine-gun, the wage-scale and no longer the battalion, the invoice and no longer the battleship, by which the world power is measured. While the Old World was fighting for power, the New World was creating it. And it can not be taken away from the New World except by fighting or by creating more power. That is why the political outcast at Versailles in 1919 ten years later became the white hope of Europe's economic revival. And that is why the neo-imperialists of the American school maintain that the essence of American power is the maintenance of peace.

JOHN CART[illegible]

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Three Live Ghosts"

WITH ITS ACTION almost entirely confined to one small room, *Three Live Ghosts* suffers the usual fate of the talking movie that talks, but doesn't move. Notwithstanding a fairly interesting story and considerable humor, the entertainment drags lamentably and inexcusably and is all but spoiled completely by its static interlude.

Beryl Mercer has a prominent part in the proceedings, as the inordinately rapacious mother of a supposedly dead British soldier on whom she is collecting insurance. Nearly all of the chuckles that the picture affords are brought on by the things Miss Mercer knows how to do with her face. When she discovers that her son not only lives (thereby forfeiting her claim to his insurance money) but that he had brought home another "dead" buddy on whom a reward may be collected, the old lady's behavior is shocking, but generally amusing. The performance of Claude Allister as the third "live ghost"—a nobleman who has suffered amnesia from shellshock—is also well done and recalls the successful "nut" part played by this actor in *Bulldog Drummond.*

Beyond these factors *Three Live Ghosts* is a picture that may successfully be taken or left alone, depending on how much amusement resistance you feel capable of this winter.

"They Had to See Paris"

THROUGH a routine and rather disconnected series of cracks about nouveau riche Americans in France, Will Rogers trundles pungently along, scratching his head and rubbing his jaw—and getting three laughs a minute.

They Had to See Paris is Will's first talking picture, and was directed by Frank Borzage; nevertheless, Will is [illegible] called on to be [illegible]l or whimsical, to any marked degree—nor does he have to attend the bedside of a dying child, as had been privately feared by this department. He is required only to be Will Rogers, and that is as it should be.

Owen Davis is given credit for the dialogue of *They Had to See Paris,* and of some of it the statement may be made that whether Owen Davis wrote it or some one else, it very definitely wasn't written by Will Rogers; there are, however, several speeches that sound as if the unusual Oklahoman was ad-libbing, as is his custom. Good, bad or indifferent, Will puts it across—a fact that is well attested by the crowds that jam the Roxy at every performance.

Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill, and a clever Mademoiselle named Fifi Dorsay fill in the gaps when Mr. Rogers isn't dominating *They Had to See Paris,* but their tasks are all limited to the background. The picture is a Will Rogers monologue with scenery and props, and that again, is as it should be.

Innovation

CELEBRATING the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry into the celluloid racket, Mr. William Fox proposes to inaugurate a series of educational features and super-newsreels that will constitute programs of their own without the inclusion of dramatic works.

It is the plan of Mr. Fox (and an excellent plan, we call it) to present such items as, for example, a lecture by H. G. Wells, an extended summary of current events, with vocal accompaniment and perhaps something about the love-life of the boll-weevil, or the natives of Irkutsk.

To one who has sat through innumerable movie programs where the news reel and the "short" subjects were the only passable things the Fox project comes as tidings of a heartening character, indeed. We shall await the initial venture with interest, and report on same promptly.

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Bulldog Drummond: The king of the talkies with Ronald Colman, Joan Bennett and Sidney Howard's dialogue.

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Applause: With Helen Morgan, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Full of faults—and of promise for the director's future.

Flight: A rollicking tale of marine aviators, marred by a silly love story.

Fast Company: An amusing trifle about a baseball player, only faintly suggestive of Ring Lardner, who wrote it.

The foregoing are all talking.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

IN THE BELIEF that an honest examination of the careers of those who have actively influenced the modern American Scene is helpful in interpreting the future, we take pleasure in announcing *According to the Flesh: A Biography of Mary Baker Eddy* by Fleta Campbell Springer. Christian Science is such a controversial topic and Mrs. Eddy, in life, was so often the object of controversy that Mrs. Springer is certain to be accused of partiality. Books dealing with Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science are even catalogued in libraries as favorable or adverse. In this connection Mrs. Springer writes, "A protestation of impartiality on the part of a biographer is simply a waste of words. There are no impartial books. When I write a biography I unconsciously reveal myself.—I will give you the Mrs. Eddy I see." Mrs. Springer is the author of many stories which have appeared in the magazines. *According to the Flesh*, her first biography, is an honest interpretation of an amazing personality.

THAT DIPLOMACY is a rich man's job has long been a popular conception. This, however, is no longer true. Although salaries and allowances are still comparatively small, the great increase of American influence abroad has brought with it a corresponding expansion of our diplomatic service. In "Our Foreign Service" Robert Burgher discusses the opportunities for a career offered by our diplomatic corps. Mr. Burgher was formerly Diplomatic Secretary of the American Embassy at Tokio.

IN SPITE OF ALL the talk about peace we seem to live in the midst of war. As mere men we confess that we have not seen a great deal of the fighting, but it appears that the ladies have rebelled against the fashion dictators and refuse to wear the new long skirts. In "Will Women Wear Them?" Ann Devon predicts that the ladies are going to succeed in their attempt to escape the dictates of Parisian designers. Miss Devon is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE HAVE SEEN a cocktail tray under whose glass surface you see the stock market quotations of long ago—at least some of them seem very long ago to us, considering our experiences with several of the items listed. Though the year was only 1913. We know a number of people who would certainly need a cocktail, a strong one, after glancing through those figures. The kind of people who say: "I lost fifty thousand by not buying Agony and Paine preferred when it was only ten. Now it's four hundred and seven." Funny that those people never figure that they've made money by not buying stocks that later went down. Well, we find that if we hang on long enough almost everything we buy gets up again to where we bought it. We can't ask more than that.

PENGUIN shower curtains are made of non-crushable, non-rubber, waterproof silk, a washable fabric which may be boiled without injuring. Comes in many colors and floral designs. The standard size is six by six feet.

BLOWN and colored glass figurines of all kinds and shapes are being shown in the shops. Little ones to use as favors or put in finger bowls, and larger ones to collect dust among the other bric-a-brac—polo players and fish and dogs and lobsters and ducks and so on.

NOVELTIES are apt to be rather short lived, but we think the new circular playing cards may find favor in the eyes of some card players, since they are easily handled and easily read, and aren't difficult to shuffle, deal, arrange or hold. Anyway, it's amusing to play with them for a change.

YOU CAN NOW play tunes on the ether waves or whatever it is that makes static in your radio, by means of the Theremin, which the Radio-Victor Corporation is putting on the market. This instrument, the invention of a young Russian scientist, is a cabinet from the right side of which projects a rod. The nearer your right hand to the rod, the higher the pitch. Intensity of sound is regulated by the closeness of the left hand to a metal loop on the left side of the machine. It has a loud speaker, and plugs into an ordinary light socket. The wails of cornet and saxophone will no doubt soon be replaced in your neighborhood by the piercing notes of some one taking Theremin lessons. But we guess it's easier to learn than either of these instruments. Not that we're going to try it ourself. We once took banjo lessons and that was enough. Although our failure to operate that instrument successfully was due as much to our teacher as to ourself. He used to get tight just before coming to give us our lesson—this was in the days before prohibition, of course—and then he'd tune our banjo differently each time so that the C string of one week was the G string of the week following. This made things rather complicated. The remarkable thing was that he could play perfectly well no matter how he tuned it.

SPECULATION is a Wall Street game book just published by Farrar & Rinehart. The first eleven pages give the rules, the next six give you market comment and the prices on sixteen imaginary stocks. The remainder of the book, chronicling market news and the progress of the ticker, is sealed. You start playing with an imaginary $10,000, follow the ticker through the imaginary week, and if you make an imaginary $5000 you have won.

FOR A LONG TIME we have derived much edification from those short moral discourses with which Wanamaker's embellishes and uplifts its advertising, under the heading: From the Founder's Writings. Perhaps you are not familiar with these little gems of original thought, which aim not only to inculcate stern moral virtues among those who read, but also to spread a gospel of cheerfulness, forbearance and—oh, just general glow. In the belief that you also may wish to gather a small bouquet of these flowers of thought, we call your attention to them, and here quote one simply at random, to give you a sample thought to take home in your heart tonight.

"Save all you can of the White-Heartedness your mother gave you and add something to it if possible. Do your best to give out a little of it every day, silently, simply and sincerely, here and there, that you may live in gardens of your own planting, where the birds will sing in your heart all the day long." Is this not indeed a tender and lov[illegible] thought?

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Mean

WHEN he wasn't working—and ever since he was a small boy he had been working—he would sometimes wonder about life.

His greatest wonder was how the world happened to be so mean. He had never harmed anybody so far as he knew. He had always been industrious, and had taken seriously the adages about honesty and effort and opportunity for all. As a result he had finally come to be the owner of his own garage, and he had every reason to be proud of himself.

But he was not proud of himself. Everything had come too hard. His difficulties had been too many. The outside world was always picking on him. And there were times when he wondered uncertainly if it could possibly be his own fault, or if the world were really as mean as that.

Maybe he was too easy going and pleasant; maybe he didn't stand up enough for his own rights. He noticed uneasily that other fellows got mad where he would only have smiled. They started fights that never would have seemed to him worth-while. And they were let alone. Nobody picked on them, and when they were successful other people lent a hand and treated them with respect.

It was all wrong, according to the way he had brought himself up but he couldn't help wondering if, maybe, he needed a little more fight in him, especially after this last lot of robberies. Why was it that the other garages along the highway had been let alone? Here he'd no sooner got started than they'd broken in one night the first week, and another night two weeks later, and the week after that, and here it was only last night again.

After the sixth, (or was it the seventh?) robbery he decided that somehow so much trouble must be his own fault. Anybody else would have thought up something clever by this time. Some way of protecting the money or making the place too hot for thieves once they got in it. That was the idea. If he could only think of some trick that would surprise them. That would make them want to get out of thegarage faster than they got into it.

It was after the next robbery that he managed to get his idea. When it first [illegible]rred to him it was so simple that he [illegible]ercome. Why had he never thought of it before? The wonder of it was that everybody hadn't thought of it before. Of course, it would take capital. But if he drew out part of his savings maybe he could manage it.

At the end of a week he took the day off and, leaving the garage in the hands of his helper, went on a trip. When he came back late in the evening he was not alone.

"Say," remarked the helper, "say, he's a beaut all right! Where'd you ever get hold of him?"

"I got him up the country a ways," replied the boss with a touch of pride, "and I guess he's a good one, like you say."

"Say, I bet he busted you," said the helper admiringly. "Pure blooded, that's what he looks like. Say, ain't he pure blooded?"

The boss nodded solemnly. "Sure. Pure blooded police. And any fellow wants to break in this here garage after this is welcome. He busted me all right. I had to pay top price for him. But you can bet he knows his job. I wouldn't want to be the guy that has this fellow waiting for him." And he dropped a wary hand on the head beside him. At that slight touch the hair on the dog's neck bristled, and a low growl came from the massive throat.

"This fellow," boasted his new master proudly, "is a watchman and a police force all in one."

The garage owner slept deeply and dreamed well that night. He had left behind him, guarding his property, a representative that knew more about fighting than all the garage owners on the highway. From now on his earnings would be safe. His reputation would frighten any gunman.

The next morning he rose early and smiled to see how bright the sun was shining. He could hardly wait to reach his place of business and congratulate his new pet. The dog may have cost him a fortune, but he was worth it. He would never have to worry about his own nature again. No man with a full blooded police dog needs to bother about having a temper.

He was only a few steps from the garage when something caught his eye. Something warned him that all was not quite right. Had he been mistaken about that police dog? Could it be that he was not so full blooded as he had appeared? He hurried quickly to the door of the garage. It was idly swinging open—it had been broken open. Inside, the cash register yawned helplessly in the same condition. The thieves had taken everything of value. He sank down on the nearest stool and stared. The thieves had taken the dog.

Changing Ideas in Research

(Continued from Page 343)

optical studies of the crystals of racemic acid.

So one might go on. But it is unnecessary to give further specific illustrations of a general fact obvious to all who are acquainted with the history of science. Pure science provides the fertile basis for the growth of applied science.

This is not so obvious to the great majority of us. And it is this majority which asks, "What good is it?" when some striking discovery in fundamental science is made or when it is proposed to begin an elaborate and expensive project in pure science investigation. But this majority appreciates a striking new thing in applied science. Therefore, the needed financial and "moral" support necessary to make work in pure science possible is less readily forthcoming than it is for applied science.

Yet the pure science workers in America are by no means all in the position of the proverbial genius in a garret. There is apparent in this country a growing recognition that it is the part of wisdom to support American research in pure science as well as American research in applied science. Several of the larger philanthropic foundations are generous in such support, and a notable attempt is being made to establish a large National Research Fund for the exclusive support of research in pure science. Already eight million dollars have been conditionally pledged to this Fund. The financial support given to pure science by the universities and research institutes, although impossible of close estimate, is large and annually growing larger. Such organizations as the National Research Council are earnestly promoting, in a variety of ways, the support of scientific research.

Altogether, America is not negligent of such work. We have had five Nobel Prize winners in science—but our British cousins have had fourteen, and little Holland has had as many as big United States. It is not yet time for us to boast.

Little "Ads"

The Outlook and Independent Classified columns are carefully guarded and closely read. The circulation of The Outlook and Independent is world-wide.

Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

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Revolt in Our Prisons

(Continued from Page 328)

portant to know what logically must be faced. In the first place the Baumes movement postulates a new conception of penology—the idea, not of punishment, but of segregation from society for society's safety. This idea is eminently sound, but it necessitates a totally new approach to the criminal problem and sweeping administrative changes.

Between 160 and 170 men have been automatically sentenced to life sentences under the fourth offender law since the Baumes code went into effect in New York. It is plain, then, that they were not a considerable factor in the overcrowding at Dannemora, Sing Sing and Auburn. But inevitably and increasingly they will be. The first problem to be met then is the problem of prison population. If the new standard is to be accepted we must have more and larger prisons.

"Desperation" psychology is the second problem and perhaps the most important of all. Life sentences, it is well to realize at once, are certain to create a large class of dangerous men, men who feel that they have been unjustly dealt with, and who, without hope of freedom, are willing to gamble a life of servitude against the longest odds. To combat this there are open only two practical courses. Either tremendous prisons must be created where men may live under the most excellent and humane of conditions, or this country must follow the lead of France in creating penal colonies where natural conditions themselves do away with the necessity of extravagant policing and preclude escape.

The outlook is not hopeful. There is nothing scientific about the mass mind. It is governed by emotions, and emotional preachments will likely defeat both plans of administration. America remembers Devil's Island in French Guiana, and sentimentally it could not abide the penal colony system. On the other hand, any plan for a humane segregation prison would meet with equal enmity and opposition on the score of pampering.

It is for these reasons that the segregation principle must be approached slowly and with caution. It is possible of the utmost abuse, and it is certain of failure unless a completely scientific and expensive groundwork is laid. The general public has seen in the Baumes Laws only a theory of harsher punishment; it has accepted them not for what they are but for what it thinks they are. And, coincidental with support of this idea, has come a frank veto of all efforts to improve existing prison conditions.

This senseless development was perhaps to be expected, but it would be a tragic matter if it should be allowed to nullify the fight for abatement of abuses which has been under way since the Englishman, John Howard, first in 1777 gave to the world his book on prison environments. It has been a long struggle and it is not, ultimately, the person of the criminal but the safety of the public that is involved. The convict can be pushed so far, no farther, and the recent revolutions are patent proof.

Direct action, murder, bloodshed, have produced results where reason failed. The results will cost money but money is cheaper than death and disorder. The prison appropriations have been sidetracked too long in the interest of campaign-talk economy. Governor Roosevelt has already in New York convened a meeting of penal experts to go into the whole situation in that State. The destruction of buildings in the riots there has made imperative and inescapable the construction which has been for so long postponed. In Colorado the pacified convicts are already at work at the mortar mixer and the brickpile.

The Leavenworth incident brought to the personal attention of President Hoover the calamitous overcrowding and was immediately responsible for his decision to recommend to Congress as an emergency measure the appropriation of $5,000,000 for immediate construction work. The President's action has set an example for the country at large. Leavenworth and Atlanta will be enlarged and a new prison will be erected in New York or New England.

The facts revealed by the convict revolts should disillusion those who smugly believe that the prison life is the pampered life. Where else, as at Leavenworth, would men cry for eight hours' work and complain because they get only four? Prisoners are not idle from choice; they are idle because the state has provided no work for them to do. Union labor has seen to that. It is not difficult to understand why the inmates are sullen and uncontent and despise the idleness that is thus forced upon them. A man behind bars must occupy his hands and his mind or gradually he will go mad.

Out of Dannemora, out of Cañon City and Auburn and Leavenworth there grew bitter death and revolt. "A garment," said Aesop, "is never cleaner than the water in which it is washed."

What Makes You Buy?

(Continued from Page 345)

ness and quality of their product. Steinway piano advertisements are famous for their beauty, their veracious content—and their ability to sell pianos. Parke Davis set a new high standard in medical advertising. Lavoris advertising sells Lavoris and every dentist with whom I have talked is enthusiastic about it because it does not overemphasize. Kroehler spends over half of the copy space in a full-page advertisement telling you just how the frame of the Kroehler Davenport Bed is made.

The "Save the Surface" campaign sold paint and varnish by definitely showing you how you could beautify your possessions and save money by making your possessions last longer.

The scrupulous, veridical, honorable advertisements of Maxwell House Coffee, Edison Mazda Lamps, Whitman's Chocolates, Toledo Scales, Anaconda Copper, Canada Dry and Cliquot Club ginger ales; Rolls, Valet Autostrop, and Gillette razors; Segal and Yale locks and hardware, Elgin watches, Packard automobiles, Colgate's Shaving Cream, Duco, and Conklin Fountain Pens, to only mention a scant few among the many examples, show that there are still literally hundreds of manufacturers who are proving every day that they can obtain advertisements that are bright, interesting, and capable of doing just as good a job of selling—and in most cases better—as the highly exaggerated type of work now apparently in style.

Responsible advertising men believe that unreliable, untruthful magazines or newspapers are not good advertising mediums because they lack reader confidence. Advertising can be filled with implications so subtle that they can pass under the guards of some of the most respectable publications in the country. The reader may very well ask how soon the time will come when the ethical advertiser, to protect himself and the buyer of his wares, will have to draw the line against magazines which are not so strict in their advertising content as they are in their editorial columns.

This new rococo technic will destroy all belief in advertising if we continue to sell garters, not to sustain socks, but to attract female companions and greater social success. By continuing this policy, advertising will not only seriously harm itself but waste an enormous sum of money that could be better devoted elsewhere. Fortunately most of the better advertising agencies realize the harm this stuff does and refuse to touch it at all.

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The policy of ascribing new virtues to old articles is a veritable godsend to the lazy advertiser and allows him complete freedom with his imagination. Admittedly this makes excellent reading but the next time you read an advertisement ask yourself this question: *Am I reading this advertisement because it amuses me or because I expect to find honest, sincere information?* Read with your eyes open. For every page of clap-trap you'll find a dozen full of sincerity. In advertising, as in everything else, it is the result that counts. It is you, in the long run, who will have to decide what you want.

Emotional Prodder

(Continued from Page 332)

tone of an observer anxious to see all sides of the question. No deeper difference between them can be fathomed. However, Broun consistently refused to compromise with his emotions. His fervor did not abate. He ran articles in the *Nation* where he could have free scope to declaim his opinions.

In January, 1928, Broun and Mr. Pulitzer achieved a new agreement. He went back to work on the *World*. Four months later he published an article in the *Nation* saying that there was no liberal newspaper in New York. The *World,* it seemed to him, approximated this standard of liberality, but did not truly attain it. He said that the paper was timorous of running anything to irritate Irish-Catholics, that in fact it did not possess "either courage or tenacity," specifically in the Sacco and Vanzetti case. At ten-thirty that night, the paper was on the street with the announcement that "the *World* has decided to dispense with the services of Heywood Broun. His disloyalty to this paper makes any further association impossible." Broun himself, completely unaware of the importance given his article and of this decision, arrived at home two hours later to find that his friends had been telephoning the news to Miss Hale. Mr. Pulitzer's personal note had not arrived till after the paper was on the street. Broun maintains that he had not foreseen the result of his criticism. The paper's action was a complete surprise.

Whether or not Broun was right, he remained true to himself. "There ought to be indignation" is the emblem he instinctively carries. If he is not without reproach, he is at least without fear. For, on this one occasion of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, his light explosive turned almost imperceptibly into heavy shell- Perhaps he did not notice the It was as if the pressure of his emotional energies, long gathering force, had finally burst. He reached the apex of his power to be stirred. He gave full measure of himself. Now he drifts back to prodding the apathetic and to pricking bright bubbles in a mellower mood. It may be that Broun "grew older," through the flame of his own kindled contumely.

Almost immediately after the break with the *World,* Broun went over to the *Telegram* which announced that the opinions in his column were to be presented without regard to the paper's editorial policy. Though he may have grown milder, he still does not lack the impetus to be roused. His public conscience can still be pricked to eloquence. A sample of his recent indignation is the printed battle royal which occurred between Broun and St. John Ervine, who came to the *World* as visiting dramatic critic last winter. It is true that Ervine has shown a marked disrespect for the Lucy Stone League and its members. He has quite frankly indicated that their tenets are to his mind fantastic. And, in as much as Broun and Miss Hale have been acquaintances of his for some years, his expression of opinion perhaps overstepped the limits of gallantry. However, as Broun says, it was hardly his affair. No skin had been ripped from his knee. But when Ervine, who was nursing a private grievance against Philip Goodman, published a review of a play Goodman had produced in which he referred to Mr. Goodman as fat and gluttonous, Broun shouldered arms. It did not seem to him that Ervine had been ethical. Personal grudges should not blow blatantly through the lines of a professional criticism. Such things are to be settled, as man to man, in a back street. This started an irate correspondence printed in Broun's column. Apparently he had fired a sensitive soul, for in Ervine's parting message to the press from the deck of an outgoing steamer, he called Broun "the greatest humbug in America."

Broun's current prodding comes closest to his heart. Among the things

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he would like to see changed in America, the prejudice against Negroes seems to him the most important. If he could have one wish above all other wishes realized, it would be a more liberal attitude toward the Negroes. The black man's barriers are crass. Every road becomes a blind alley for him. Heavy, heavy hangs over his head the burden of a terrible handicap. The law maintains that he shall not pour his blood, absorb his race into white veins. Yet the mingling goes on. In a few thousand years the American negro may be only an historical figure to decorate text books. Meanwhile, give him a break. In railroad trains, in stations, in schools and colleges, in the business of making a livelihood, in the churches, give him the freedom which is the white man's heritage. Broun has undertaken to crusade for this freedom.

The Rev. William S. Blackshear of St. Matthew's Church in Brooklyn has placed a ban on Negro attendance. Broun challenges Mr. Blackshear, and beyond Mr. Blackshear, the formidable ranks of intolerant men from every walk in life who obstruct the way of the Negro. There is nothing in the teachings of Christ about a color line. To bolster his indignation, Broun quotes St. Paul: "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all and in all." Once, Broun has written, he saw a miracle. Roland Hayes was singing. "Half the people who heard Hayes were black and half were white and while the mood of the song held they were all the same. . . . 'He never said a mumbling word,' sang Hayes, and we knew that he spoke of Christ, whose voice was clear enough to cross all the seas of water and of blood."

Various opinions about Heywood Broun have been vouchsafed. Over a million people read the newspapers in which his column appears. Self-appointed critics of his personality seem to differ. There is wide range of speculation between "the greatest humbug in America" (who must be a very large humbug indeed) and "the Paul Revere of free speech." At least he is more deserving of this dashing epithet than of its rather ignoble antithesis. He has written, with apparent enjoyment, a portrait of himself for the *New Yorker* in which he claims to be a born reformer with "no true lightness of touch." "Heywood Broun," he adds, "is not in any fundamental sense a kindly person. He merely palms off timidity as something just as good as affability." This may sound like a self-conscious evasion, but when he writes that "in the secret places of his heart he is a crusader riding out to do battle even though he dreads it," he has become unaffectedly honest. He ends his analysis of himself on a note of promise: "He may yet swing a mace and crack a skull."

Broun's value as a prodder lies in the quality of his sentiment. That he takes sides violently, that he is perhaps too quick on the trigger, that he lacks the exactitude of the scholar does not matter. He is important because he combines a generous enthusiasm with instinctive discernment. He brings to a wide variety of problems—women's independence, birth control, prison reform, freedom of speech and press, justice in court, race prejudice, world peace—his unfiltered reactions. His mind is not neutralized by the refining processes of intellectuality. His sensitiveness, always awake, gives him the impetus. His kindled energy carries him on. He acts upon an innate fund of sentiment. A tribute of sentiment does not therefore seem out of place. Some one once wrote of him, quite justly, that "above all the prickers that grow on him, a rosy flower of humanity always blooms."

Communism by Compromise

(Continued from Page 335)

ports were at the lowest ebb. While production has been rising almost steadily the export figure has stuck to a rather low figure in comparison to 1913. The reason though is obvious. The peasant has acquired a higher standard of living and keeps more of his products for his own consumption. The rationalizing and unionizing of agriculture naturally makes slower progress than is the case in industry, and the reluctance of the farmer to adapt himself to the new system is a retarding factor of no mean importance.

To explain the foregoing the following comparison, expressed in metric tons of grain exports, should be of good assistance: 1913, 10,661,735; 1924/5, 606,021; 1925/6, 2,082,071; 1926/7, 2,227,158; 1927/8, 590,119. This rather sad picture tells the story of the grain producing and exporting system under the big land owners before the revolution and the ruins left by the latter; a very difficult foundation upon which to build the new system of purely mechanical farming on a large and carefully coordinated scale. To overcome this deficiency the Soviet government is doing everything possible to make oil assume the rôle of Russia's most important export item. While in 1913 oil production amounted to 9,200,000 metric tons and export reached only 947,028 metric tons, in 1927/8 oil production had been increased to 11,052,000 metric tons. Exports amount to 2,878,248 metric tons; which means that exports have tripled since 1913, while consumption of oil in Russia has since declined by twenty-five per cent.

This in turn could only have been achieved by a more extensive use of electricity and electric motive power. In 1913, 690,000,000 kilowatt hours had been used while for 1926/7 the consumption amounted to 2,479,000,000 kilowatt hours which is an increase of 360%. Much has been done and much more is planned.

The production as well as the export of coal and timber had also fallen to a very low level during the years of rapid disintegration. Their recovery since 1921 is a very remarkable one for timber and a still better one for coal. Export of coal has considerably increased, rising for 1926/7 to 219,289 metric tons with a value of 2,016,000 gold rubles and for 1927/8 to 272,218 metric tons valued at 3,231,000 gold rubles. The recovery of production and export of timber has been slower. The present figure of export stands at about fifty per cent of the 1913 amount of 7,597,476 metric tons. However the last two years show a decided turn for the better. Exports increased from 2,133,181 metric tons in 1926/7 to 2,495,218 metric tons in 1927/8.

To complete our picture of rehabilitated Russia, we still have to scrutinize the development of Russia's transportation system, at least as far as the railroads are concerned, as no figures are available for freight transport on the numerous water ways. Since 1913 the extension of the railroads has steadily gone on. From 58,500 kilometers in 1913 it has in 1927/8 been developed to 75,942 kilometers. The average growth since 1926 is about 1.6%. Average daily car loadings during the four years, 1924 to 1928, amounted to 17,398; 24,007; 27,868; and 31,186 cars. The average increase over the last two years, that is years after the termination of the reconstruction period, stands at 12¾%. Revenues show the same steady ascent as increase in mileage and in car loadings.

What has this short economic survey of present day Russia revealed? The Soviet régime has managed to keep in power for over ten years in spite of almost daily predictions of its imminent fall. It has succeeded in establishing upon the ruins of the Czari[illegible] absolutism a new social order [illegible]

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has succeeded in reconstructing the economic edifice of the country at the same time. And all these three achievements were accomplished without any help from outside. Simon pure Communism has proven unpractical in its application to economic problems such as confronted and still will confront the Soviet government. The necessary intercourse with the capitalistic countries of the world has forced the Russian rulers to sacrifice a number of Marxian principles. And that also is a success.

We hear a great deal about the five year plan for industrial and agricultural development in Soviet Russia. What is it all about? This five year plan of the Soviet Government takes into account the development of industry as well as the development of those branches of the national economy which supply industry with the necessary raw materials. It is the corner stone of the economic policy of the Soviet to add, to agricultural self-sustenance, industrial independence in a highly developed form. Based upon previous experience, not so much gained from the period of reconstruction as from the period after 1926, the Soviet Government has formulated the plan which within five years is calculated to reach this goal. By way of sharp reasoning, which does not exclude probable hardships and suffering for the people, one has arrived at the conclusion, that the so-called "heavy industries" (machines to make machines) must be developed first and most, in order to reach the goal systematically. It is claimed that this plan will also simultaneously solve the problems now facing the country. These problems, much emphasized in our press, are briefly: Shortage of industrial goods, high prices of industrial commodities and shortage of manufactured goods accompanied by high prices. The latter indicates an inflation of the currency, which in turn is explained through the large expansion of loans and discounts since 1926. Shortage of manufactured goods has in turn a retarding influence upon agricultural production. The latter, coupled with the higher standard of living of the peasantry, has led to an elimination of grain exports which might well prevail over a period of a few years. That this has even caused a nation-wide suffering resulting in food rationing is not being denied by the Soviet. Everything is subordinated to the program of progress and expansion, even if it hurts.

What does this five year plan now mean to the industrial countries of the world and to American industries in particular?

To gain a proper basis for the answer we will have to find out to what extent the industrial countries of the world have succeeded in finding a market for their products in Russia. Incidentally it should show, to what extent American industries have been able to progress in this direction and what might be the prospects for the future. For the better convenience of the reader the accompanying table of exports and imports has been computed in dollars on the basis of one gold ruble equal to $0.5145.

Exports and Imports

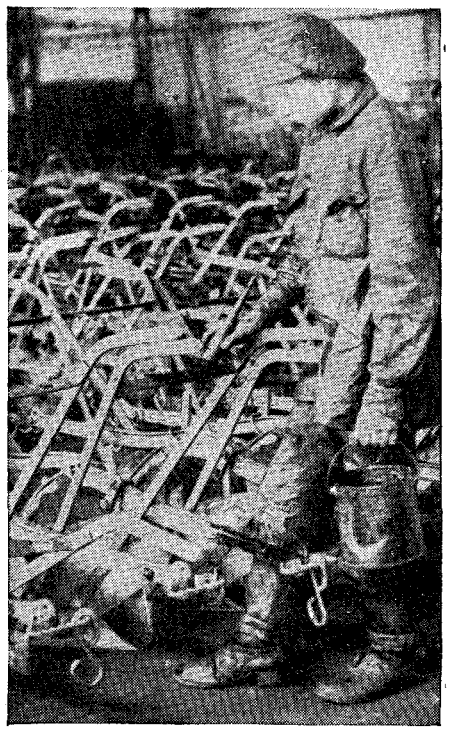
		1913	1926-7	1927-8
U.S.S.R. exports to	U.S.A.	$8,000,000	$11,998,000	$14,371,000
	Germany		86,100,000	95,390,000
	England		101,608,000	75,992,000
U.S.S.R. imports from	U.S.A.	40,000,000	74,980,000	96,682,000
	Germany		81,136,000	124,509,000
	England		49,958,000	23,350,000

English exports to Russia show a steady decline, caused by the breaking off of diplomatic relations in 1927. The United States is today at second place. Germany still dominates the Russian import market; and that is only natural. For many years there has been an extensive scientific and technical intercourse between these two countries due to their geographical proximity. But while Germany before the War supplied about 50 per cent of all Russian imports, her share in 1927/8 was 26 per cent. On the other hand the United States furnished twenty per cent of the total in 1927/8 as against only six per cent in 1913.

The five year plan with its schedule for extremely intensified industrialization and mechanization of agriculture has resulted in a decided orientation toward the United States. This new orientation on the part of the Soviet government has already doubled the pre-War volume of American-Russian trade. This ambitious plan provides for the expenditure of $33,000,000,000. A substantial part of it will go for the construction of industrial plants, hydro-electric plants, the purchase of foreign equipment and machinery. Imports of these are scheduled to reach a value of $3,200,000,000 during this period.

The immense proportion of the program and the prospect of repeating in Russia within the short space of five years, an expansion and rationalizing plan in industry and a mechanization of agriculture which took us decades to develop, has certainly a great fascination and is worthy of American brains and ingenuity. Here is almost a virgin field, that long after 1933 will offer opportunities for American engineering genius. The same holds good for agriculture. It is estimated that seventy per cent of our American large scale farming methods can successfully be transplanted into Soviet Russian agriculture.

The far-flung program of the Soviet government involves enormous purchases in this country, purchases which necessitate long-term credits. In some cases credits up to five years have been arranged. But it is doubtful whether the opportunities offered through the five year plan of Russian industrialization can be made use of sucessfully and to their fullest extent as long as the necessary foundation for such long term credits is entirely missing. The absence of political recognition and of commercial treaties between the United States and the U. S. S. R. give the European industrial countries such a decided advantage over our industries in their dealings with Russia that it might well influence the present orientation of the U. S. S. R. to our disadvantage. Germany has maintained her dominating position on the Russian market so far by means of regular credits guaranteed partly by the government and partly by special insurance. England has done the same thing and is rather anxious today to renew her former treaties. France has given similar support to her industries. Then why not the United States?



Press Cliche
Painting Soviet Agricultural Machines

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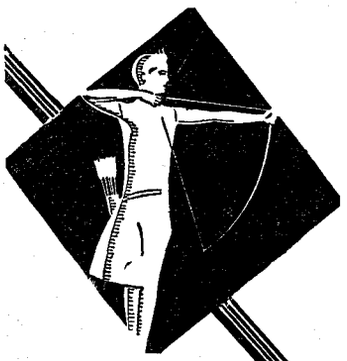

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YOUNG Man, 24 years old, college graduate, member of Episcopal Church, has had course in hotel management, knowledge of Spanish, desires position preferably with religious organization or one doing uplift work. References. 9260 Outlook and Independent.

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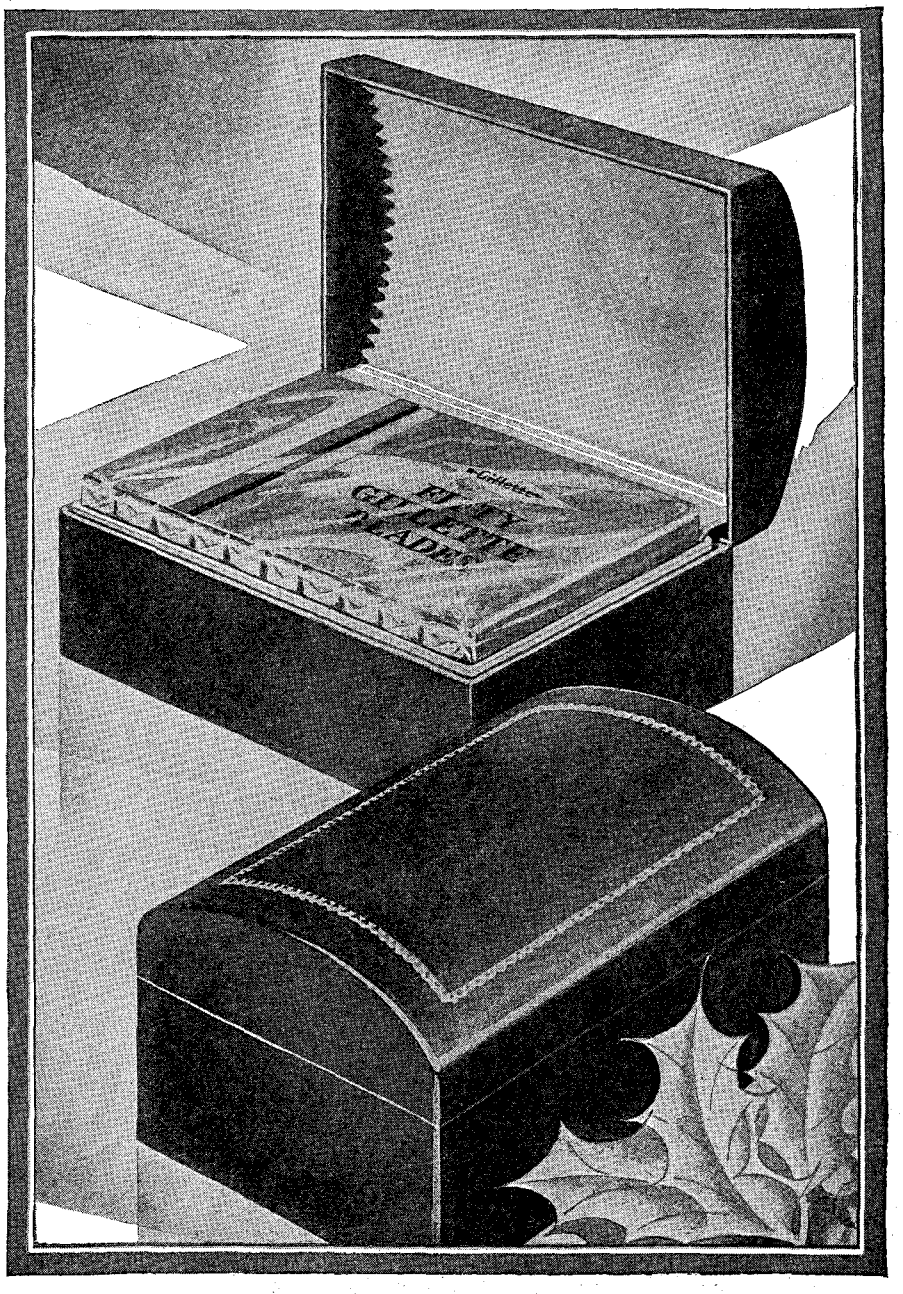

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With Our Readers

Peace in the Machine Age

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

In your issue of October 16th, I read an article by A. G. Gardiner entitled "Die-Hard for Peace." I am quoting him as he voices the trend of the times, which is represented by an insatiable desire for peace.

"The dream that England and America in firm and enduring friendship would lead mankind towards the immeasurable possibilities of Peace has warmed the imagination of generous citizens of both countries for a hundred years. Will the dream come true? We hold our breaths in Great Britain when in a few days the accredited leaders of the two Peoples meet in their fateful conference."

This quotation evokes an interesting query. Which of the following two expedients is of greater import in making for peace? Modern civilization,—and by that I mean the Machine Age and all its appurtenances,—or men like President Hoover and Premier MacDonald?

It is granted that the "accredited leaders of the two Peoples" are men of undoubted sincerity,—men who are giving their all in work for peace. But they are mortal; their few years of value to their respective countries are offset by the illimitable future. They sustain the same relationship to permanent universal peace as a pin does to a haystack; both are as nothing. What they have accomplished,—and I pray that it may be of the intended nature,—will influence the world to-day. It will militate for peace of an ephemeral nature, at least.

But what of the future? Conditions to-morrow may not be as propitious for an amicable exchange of views as they are to-day. What is going to happen after present treaties for reduction of arms expire, if men whose views are not so consummately harmonious as those of President Hoover and Premier MacDonald, meet for mutual understandings?

Of course, we, in our inveterate shortsightedness, overlook this, extenuating our lack of heed for the future by the puerile claim that the future will take care of itself.

However, in spite of our shortcomings, fate seems to be dealing cards in our favor. When President Hoover and Premier MacDonald have reached their limits as regards what they can do for peace; when their names and noble deeds done for mankind are all that remain of two lives devoted to a common end—are nothing but memories; when other great men are at the helm of their country,—then will the Machine Age and its appurtenances carry on the task to a successful consummation.

Although we, of right, hold much against the Machine Age for its deleterious effects upon modern civilization, yet we fail to see the blessings it has, and is, showering upon humanity. And the greatest of its sundry blessings is the steady, yet seemingly unconscious, way in which it militates for peace of a permanent nature.

The radio, airplane, modern means of communication and transportation, automobile, movies, et cetera,—all products of the Machine Age in general,—are doing for peace what President Hoover and Premier MacDonald could never possibly do. And this incalculable service is rendered mankind in no other way than the following: the Machine Age impresses its identical forms upon the brain of all mankind; and, in doing this, makes for permanent universal peace.

Lindbergh's flight to Europe; radio concerts broadcast in America and received in Europe, and vice versa; international commerce; trip of the Graf Zeppelin around the world,—things of this sort, the result of the Age of Machinery, militate for the goal toward which mankind has worked through the ages.

So, in conclusion, let us reread the quotation taken from Mr. Gardiner's article, bearing in mind the fact that the efforts of President Hoover and Premier MacDonald, although they are of the highest type that mortals are given the privilege to realize, are but for to-day, figuratively speaking; that the Machine Age, supposedly man's enemy, is after all proving itself one of his best, if not his best, friend.

Yours sincerely,
MAHLON A. TAYLOR

Congratulations

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I just want to write you this note to tell you I am 100 per cent behind you and The Outlook in the fine work you are doing. I wouldn't give it up for anything. This is my fifth year in Washington University—I am a senior lawyer now—and I think I am in a position to appreciate what the splendid thing is you are doing. In fact, I am tempted with the desire to get into the fight myself.

I hope this will take the place of a good hearty handshake and congratulations!

Yours sincerely,
WALLACE V. WILSON, JR.

Sold to the Liquor Gang

Monmouth, Illinois

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I have for more than twenty-five years been a subscriber to The Outlook and during that time have been directly responsible for more than a half dozen other people joining the ranks of Outlook subscribers. I have never agreed entirely with the policies of the paper on certain public questions but have enjoyed getting both sides of debatable questions. I could even read Lyman Abbott's articles against prohibition without losing faith in the man and was delighted to see him fair-minded enough to admit the good that prohibition has brought to the country.

I have been feeling for some time, especially since the unholy alliance with the Independent that the spirit of Lyman Abbott was no longer with the paper. I renewed my subscription last year with grave misgivings, but with the hope that I might be mistaken in my suspicions. I am now convinced, however, that The Outlook is no longer an independent paper, especially on the subject of prohibition. I am convinced that it has sold out body and soul to the liquor gang and is actually using its influence to break down the law of the land and to tie the hands of the President in enforcing the law. So convinced am I that The Outlook is no longer an independent paper that I should not be at all surprised to learn eventually that it is a subsidiary of the Chicago *Tribune*, one of the wettest and rottenest newspapers in the country. I could refer you to a dozen articles within the last year if I cared to take the time to do so that show a deliberate desire to break down respect for law throughout the country. The Outlook seems to be one of those who wants to have the privilege of selecting the laws it will obey. During the past year, I cannot recall that The Outlook has said a word in behalf of law observance. The Outlook has a right to work for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amend-

(Please Turn to Page 399)

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